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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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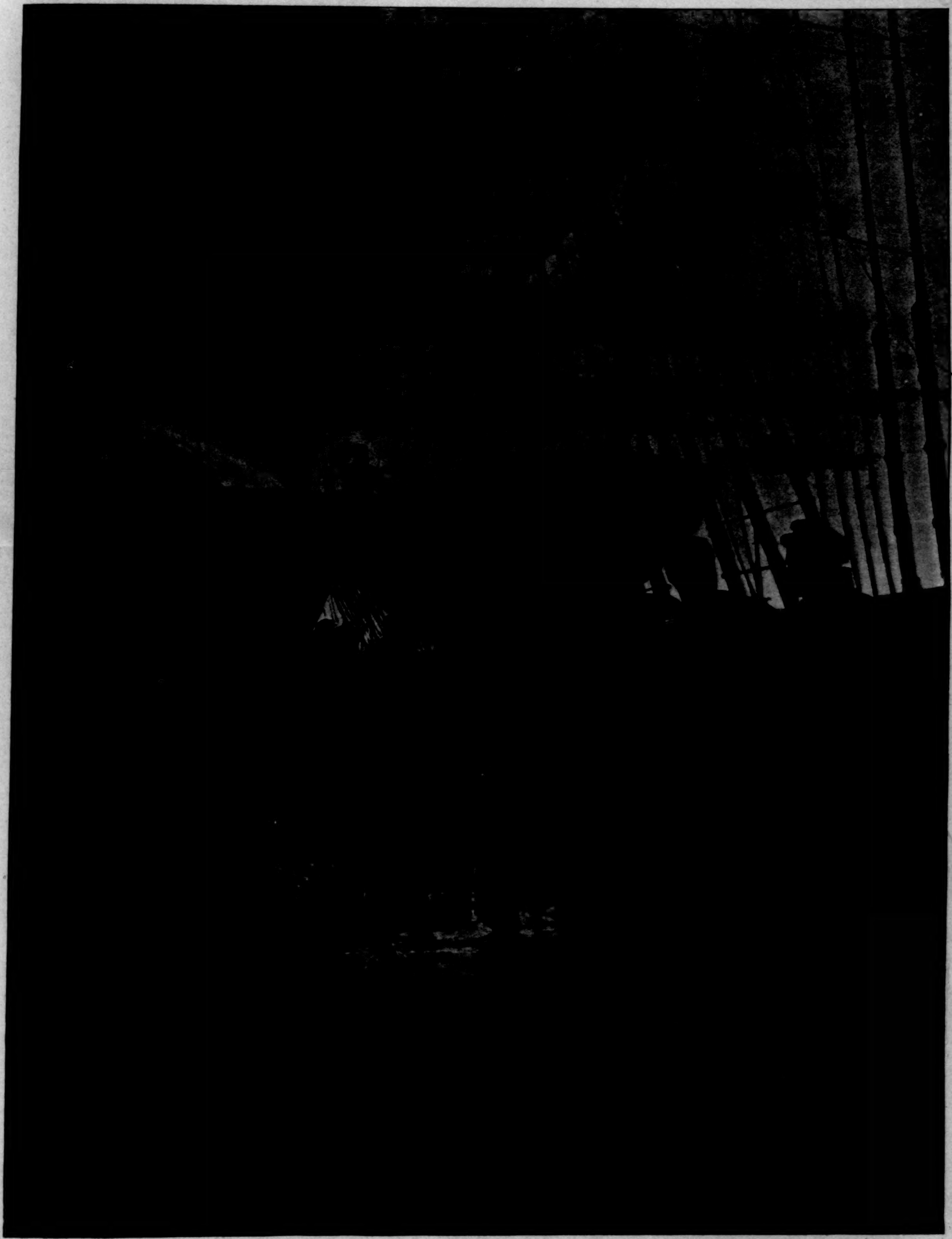

THE MORNING WATCH.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 474.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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COXEY AND LODGE.

THESE troublous times are not wanting in humorous freaks. They have brought forth two projects of legislation which show what little difference there is between the mind of a highly educated man and that of a natural-born fool when they once get started on similar lines of ambition. These projects are as wide apart in origin as they are alike in character. One comes from an ignorant horse-dealer who hungers for notoriety, has set himself up as the "Commander of the Commonweal of Christ," and proposes as such to abolish poverty and to bring on the millennium; the other from the "scholar in politics" who sits in the Senate of the United States, and proposes to reform the monetary policy of foreign nations, and to furnish to the world plenty of money by means of coercion. The grouping together of "General" Coxey and Senator Lodge as lawmakers may at first sight seem rather daring; but a close inspection of their legislative propositions will convince any candid mind that as statesmen they belong essentially to the same school.

The financial bill which "General" Coxey wishes Congress to pass, and in support of which he marched upon Washington with his famous "petition in boots," is as follows:

> "*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled:*
>
> "That whenever any State, Territory, county, township, municipality, or incorporated town or village deems it necessary to make any public improvements, it shall deposit with the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States a non-interest-bearing twenty-five-year bond, not to exceed one-half the assessed valuation of the property in said State, Territory, county, township, municipality, or incorporated town or village, and said bond to be retired at the rate of four per cent. per annum.
>
> "Whenever the foregoing section of this act has been complied with, it shall be mandatory upon the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to have engraved and printed Treasury notes in the denominations of one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollars each, which shall be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, to the face value of said bond, and deliver to said State, Territory, county, township, municipality, or incorporated town or village, 99 per cent. of said notes, and retain one per cent. for expense of engraving and printing same."

It is easy to see that as a means to relieve the present distress, and to abolish poverty for all time by making money plenty, this bill, if enacted into law, could not possibly be surpassed in effectiveness. It may be assumed that as soon as the bill is passed not only every State and Territory, but every county, every township, every municipality, every incorporated town or village that "wants more money," will find it "necessary to make public improvements." It is also to be assumed as the benevolent intention of the legislator that the "valuation of the property in said State, Territory, county, township, municipality, or incorporated town or village" will not have to be made or controlled by invidious outsiders, but by public-spirited citizens thereof, who can be depended upon to make that valuation sufficiently high to secure a full share of the stream of Treasury notes flowing from the money-printing office in Washington. The assessors of Mocassin County, in Wyoming, for instance, may value the property "in it" at ten millions, if the people of Mocassin County want only five millions of Treasury notes for improvements. But if they would rather have twenty-five millions of Treasury notes, their patriotic assessors will not fail to value the property in the county at fifty millions. It will be seen that as no "State, Territory, county, township," etc., will wish to remain behind, and valuations can be raised according to the local "want of more money," the supply of Treasury notes will be practically boundless, unless a limit be found in the inability of all the printing-presses in the United States, if put to printing Treasury notes, to furnish the amounts asked for.

There is evidently no reason why under this system the circulating medium should not rise to a thousand, or, for aught we can see, to a million, dollars *per capita*, and all the comfort and felicity that can be derived from plenty of money will be amply secured. So far the Coxey bill is one of the most perfect legislative devices we have ever seen. What the real value—that is, the purchasing power—of these plenteous Treasury notes will be, or whether they will have any purchasing power at all, whether a million will buy a breakfast, that is one of those questions "of detail" which General Coxey will consider when, under the pressure of the "petition in boots," Congress has passed his bill. Before that time arrives, however, he may be safely lodged in a lunatic asylum.

In point of statesmanship this scheme has been equalled only by Senator Lodge's scheme for making the American people rich and happy. He thinks that the welfare of the world in general, and of the United States in particular, requires the re-establishment of silver as a money metal together with gold; that this cannot be accomplished without an international agreement between the principal commercial countries; that such an agreement cannot be had without the co-operation of Great Britain, but that Great Britain will not assent to anything of the kind, because the British are perversely "selfish." They consider the gold standard as the safest and most advantageous basis for their own monetary system. Great Britain lets other people do with regard to this matter as they please; but, as for herself, she holds on to gold. Senator Lodge is very much provoked at the unscrupulous and unprecedented meanness of this conduct; and believing, as he evidently does, that other nations, the Americans included, arrange their monetary systems upon principles purely philanthropic, he proposes to teach those wilful British to regard, when regulating such things, other people's interests rather than their own. His method of teaching the British to be as philanthropic as other people are is very simple. He offered an amendment to the tariff bill providing that, "when not in contravention of any existing treaty," on the products of Great Britain and her colonies, when imported into this country, twice as much duty shall be levied as on the products of other people, until Great Britain gives up her selfishness, and assents and takes part in an international agreement for the coinage of silver.

The scholar in politics might have known whether this would be in contravention of an existing treaty. He evidently did not, for if he had known it he would, as a serious man, not have put the case hypothetically. But aside from this, the remedy for existing evils he proposes is extremely simple. If foreign nations do not agree with us on silver, we have only to put the screws on them. There are some questions of detail which the learned Senator may have left for future consideration—whether Great Britain is likely to submit to "bulldozing" by a foreign nation as to the regulation of her own monetary system; whether the game proposed is not one which two can play at; whether, when we exclude Great Britain from our market, she will not exclude us from hers; whether she cannot endure it as well as we can; whether we would not cruelly punish ourselves the worse for Great Britain's selfish perversity; and so on. These things the Senator left to take care of themselves.

Seriously speaking, the measures proposed by General Coxey and Senator Lodge are on the same level in point of downright idiocy. Of Coxey nothing better could be expected. As to the reasons which moved Senator Lodge to make such a proposition, it is but charitable to suppose that he expected it to be rejected by the Senate, as it has been, and that he introduced it merely thus to make political capital for himself with the silver fanatics of the South and West, and with the jingoes by giving the tail of the British lion a demonstrative twist. This, of course, is demagogy of the lowest sort. But if, as has been suggested, Mr. Lodge has, although a young man, already an eye on the Presidency, it is time for him to understand that this very performance of his is likely to rise up against him as an ugly obstacle at a very inopportune moment. The American people do not like to see Senators treat public affairs of great importance as little boys play with a bauble.

THE DEMOCRATIC SURRENDER.

The tariff bill as it stands is a surrender to the protectionists. That it is better than the McKinley law is all that any one can say in favor of it. The professions and pledges of the Democratic party are violated in nearly every schedule. It is not only a protection measure, but in some respects it is more prohibitory than any law except the McKinley act that the protected trusts and monopolists have devised. So far as the income tax sections are concerned, the changes that are made in them are of little account, for the essential evil, the communistic assault on thrift and wealth, is retained.

For twenty years the Democratic party has been promising relief from the burdens of tariff taxation. Its newspapers, orators, and party platforms have pledged it to give the country, to use one of its own now false-sounding phrases, "cheaper homes, cheaper clothes, cheaper food, and cheaper tools." Beyond that, it has promised to the farmer, who is our chief exporter, a larger and freer market by reducing duties, and thereby adding to the articles produced abroad that might be exchanged for his breadstuffs and cotton. And now what a result! The party is in power, and it is beaten and disgraced by men of its own whom it has honored with Senatorships, and who even sit in the cabinet of the President whose vigorous tariff message of 1887 brought the issue directly into the campaigns of 1888, 1890, and 1892. It has been forced to surrender by Democratic Senators and at least one cabinet officer, who have acted as the agents of trusts, or who have been pecuniarily interested in protected properties, or in the sugar-trust securities, whose rise and fall on Wall Street must have been most profitable to those who had "inside" information of what was to be done by the Senate committee or by Senate compromisers as to the sugar duty.

The bill has now been remade for the fourth time. It was bettered in the House, passing over for the moment the adding of the income tax; it was changed by the subcommittee not greatly; it was made much worse by the Finance Committee; and now by the addition of more than four hundred amendments it is brought so near to McKinleyism that the leading Republican protectionists in the Senate are taunting the Democrats with finally yielding to their principle. The bill gives the sugar trust only less than it now enjoys under the McKinley act. It provides for a woollen-goods schedule that will keep clothes dear, or of bad quality. It increases the tax on cotton, and especially on cotton yarns. The iron and steel duties are advanced, and coal and iron ore are taxed. Free wool, free lumber, and the repeal of the sugar bounty are the gains of the bill.

This surrender has been forced by Senator Hill, who has not yet promised to vote for the new bill, with all its vices; by Senators Murphy, Smith, McPherson, Gorman, Gibson, Brice, Caffery, and Blanchard. The real offenders are Hill, Gorman, Brice, Smith, and the Louisiana Senators. McPherson would have yielded to the slightest pressure from the administration or from the public, and Murphy and Gibson don't count. They have been held out against their party associates by their stronger colleagues, Hill and Gorman. These leaders deserve no place in the Democratic party, and so long as they remain within it and retain their leadership, the party will not differ from the Republican party on the tariff question. Bad as they are, however, the tariff-reformers of the administration cannot escape responsibility. Secretary Lamont's influence was, of course, exerted in the interest of protection, for Mr. Whitney, his political oracle, is quite as much of a protectionist as Senator Gorman, whose economic principles do not differ materially from those of Senator Aldrich or of Governor McKinley himself. But the President was elected because he was supposed to be a tariff-reformer, and Mr. Carlisle has won his place in public life on that issue. The reform of the tariff was the leading issue of the campaign of 1892, and Mr. Cleveland is President, Mr. Carlisle is Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Gresham is at the head of the State Department, Mr. Morton, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Olney are cabinet officers, while both branches of Congress are Democratic, because the people demanded lower duties and freer trade. And yet there has been no sign from the administration of that pressure, that stubborn courage, that unyielding insistence that the right should prevail, that won the fight for the repeal of the Sherman act. If such a stand had been taken for tariff reform as was taken for unconditional repeal, the bill that is before the Senate would not only be much better than it is, but would be much surer of final passage. There was much weakness, much readiness to yield to the threats of Senators who compose tariff schedules with the tape of a stock-exchange "ticker" in their hands—a great lack of that calm and wise dependence on the future and on the American people that forced Mr. Gorman and the other compromisers of last autumn into the ranks of unconditional repealers.

Whether honest and true Democrats will consent that this bill shall become a law if it passes the Senate is a matter for their serious consideration. Whichever way they may decide it, the outlook for their party is full of doubt. It has betrayed those who trusted it. Its rank and file and many of its leaders are conscientious and right, but so long as it sends such men to the Senate as Hill and Gorman, so long as protectionists sit in the cabinet of its chosen President, so long will it be unworthy of the confidence of those who have hitherto accepted its pledges in good faith. If this bill is the outcome of the Democratic party's twenty years' struggle for tariff reform, the party is worthy of contempt. If it accepts the measure as the best it can get, the men who began the work of tariff reform must turn at once upon the pretended Democrats who have betrayed it and drive them out of power, as once before William R. Morrison, with Mr. Carlisle as his candidate, drove the protectionist Randall out of the Speakership. The question with them to decide is whether they can better accomplish the reorganization of their party under the incubus of this bill, on the plea that it is something, or by defeating the bill, thereby throwing the responsibility of another failure of any tariff reform on the leaders in the Senate who have been the allies of the protected manufacturers and their political agents. One thing is certain, the pending bill is not an answer to the country's demands, and cannot prevent a revival of agitation; and another thing is also certain, whatever answer the Democrats may make to their own problem, the business interests of the country insist that the fate of this measure shall be quickly settled.

THE RETIREMENT OF RICHARD CROKER.

One of the most famous passages in the Republic of Plato describes the evolution of despotism out of democracy, the boss of a party becoming the tyrant of the state. This was the natural and inevitable course of events in a city constituting an independent political body, with a popular majority of ignorant voters, and a comparatively small number of rich men. Fernando Wood is said to have had a day-dream of such a future for New York, when he suggested that the municipal authorities take advantage of the supposed destruction of the Union in 1861, and constitute it "a free city." It is not certain that this metropolis would not have been shaken and rent within a few years past by the efforts of some one man to become its avowed and absolute master but for the complete check to such ambitions imposed by its political subordination to the State and the nation. Indeed, those who best know our municipal politics would be slow to assert that such efforts would have been hopeless; that the virtue and the wisdom which assure a community against tyranny are in safe control of the mental and physical force of the city.

But this is a superficial view. The substance of despotism does not lie in the name of king or tyrant, nor in the insignia of office, but in the actual exercise of power. When for six years every public officer in New York has been selected by Richard Croker, with the implied condition that his public duties shall be wholly subordinated to the private ends of the boss; when this condition has been fulfilled in almost every instance, openly, notoriously, and with the acquiescence of the community; when Croker himself has used his power so as to acquire sudden and enormous wealth, having devised a novel and peculiar form of taxation for the support and enrichment of his horde of followers, out of which he retains for himself an income many times as great as that of the President of the United States; when, with all these facts known to every citizen, it is left to the boss himself to decide how long he shall retain his control and collect his revenues, a million and a half of people looking on with interest, but in entire inaction, while he deliberates whether or not he shall hand over his supremacy to other hands—in what is New York more free than Rome when Sulla made himself dictator?

There is a marked difference between the two men. Sulla was a man of education, culture, and refined tastes; a brave and skilful soldier, the idol of his troops; a statesman of breadth and foresight, competent to reorganize his country; a reformer who left his mark for ages in useful reforms of the criminal law. By genius and untiring energy he made himself absolute master of the first city of the world. He used his power, first to exterminate his enemies, then to ordain a constitution and laws worthy of a great republic, and finally to retire from office, to enjoy as a private citizen the protection of the institutions he had founded, and to end his days in peace. Croker is a coarse, uneducated man, incapable of statesmanship in any form, whose first prominence before the public of the city was under an indictment for assassination, and who has never been known to hold or express a conviction upon any political question which was accepted as of weight in the community. His voluntary surrender of power is therefore generally regarded as a timely escape from a threatened overthrow, which might make his future personally uncomfortable. The practical questions which it suggests to citizens are mainly two: first, whether the spirit and purpose of his rule shall be continued in other hands; and second, whether he himself and his associate conspirators shall be left in peace to enjoy the spoils they have gathered.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The tendency of all the governments in the civilized world is to become constitutional, and the tendency of all constitutional governments is to give votes to all people, not being dependents upon the public, who really desire votes. In this country the suffrage is avowedly universal. In Great Britain, since the last reform bill, it has become practically universal. Although in the English manner the last reform bill pretends to hedge the suffrage with qualifications and particulars, the fact is that one of every seven in the population has a vote for a member of the House of Commons, while under our own system the proportion is that of one in five. It is not likely that the admission of the voters now excluded would make any noteworthy difference in the course of British legislation or British politics, or that the enactment of manhood suffrage will be very long delayed if the excluded classes take the trouble to agitate. The abolition of plural voting is sure to come soon, whether the pending measure for that purpose is successful or not.

Is there any good reason why the line should be drawn at the female sex, or why womanhood suffrage should not be added to manhood suffrage? There has for a generation and more been a band of female agitators who have answered this question to their own satisfaction. The logic of the situation has seemed to be all on their side, but they have not impressed the male sex with the belief that women in general really desired votes. If they really do, then probably no one doubts that they will secure them.

A vigorous effort is even now making to admit women to the suffrage in the State of New York by the action of the coming Constitutional Convention. The peculiarity of the movement is that it has not been undertaken by those who have been scoffingly called the "woman women," but that its promoters are ladies of whom many have won distinction in arts about the propriety of women's practising which there is no longer any question. But no sooner has the movement been fairly started than a counter-movement appears, and a number of ladies equally accomplished and distinguished protest that for their part they do not desire votes, and dread the new responsibilities that the possession of votes would entail.

It would be easy but unprofitable to discuss what advantages or disadvantages would accrue to women from the possession of votes. On the one hand, it is argued that women would raise the tone of public life, and that the opening of public careers to them would be of benefit to the State; for pretty obviously the right to hold public office would be a sequel to the right to vote, and it would be impracticable to exclude any class of voting citizens from all the rights of citizenship. On the other, it may be argued that women have already all the protection which reasonable women are disposed to demand, and that their rights of property in particular are very jealously guarded by the laws of the State of New York. But practically the whole question is whether women really desire votes. A *plébiscite* of the women of New York upon this question, if it could be had, would go far to settle the question. At present it is very far from being settled. Petitions will be sent to Albany from women who desire the suffrage for themselves, and think that the majority of their sex is with them; and counter-petitions from other women who deprecate the conferring of votes upon them, and who hold this to be the general view of their sex. With such a schism among the women themselves, it is extremely improbable that the Constitutional Convention will venture upon any action, without much fuller information as to the wishes of women than it now possesses.

THE REGENTS' SYSTEM OF EXAMINATIONS IN NEW YORK STATE.

The annual report recently issued by the Regents of the University of the State of New York on the system of examinations conducted under their charge is an unusually interesting document. Its force is somewhat marred by several passages, sarcastic and even angry in tone, directed at the very large and intelligent body of educational experts who look upon formal examinations as a more or less necessary evil to be carefully regulated and restrained. The Regents, on the other hand, exalt the examination system unduly, and make a number of very dogmatic assertions on very doubtful points. Aside from this feature, the report is excellent in tone and very suggestive in matter.

Not many persons outside of the circle of those immediately interested know, for example, that in 1893 the number of secondary schools in New York State taking the Regents' examinations was 393, from which over 300,000 answer-papers were sent to the Regents' office. Of this number the schools claimed that 185,000 were satisfactory, but the more impartial sifting by the Regents' staff only allowed 165,000. The main value of these examinations, and of the careful process of revision to which the papers are subjected, is that they disclose at once both the weak points and the strong points of the secondary-school work of the State. The present report lays more emphasis on points of weakness than on points of strength, and makes it obvious that radical improvement is necessary in very vital places. The instruction in English appears to be very bad. "The papers submitted in English show that very many pupils have not a clear conception of what constitutes a sentence"; "Another defect is an insensibility to the value of the connection of ideas"; "Many papers are disfigured by misspelling"; "Pupils are very deficient in proper use of the paragraph"—these are sentences taken from a single page of the report. The judgment passed on the teaching of German and French, of elementary Latin, and of arithmetic is hardly more favorable. If pupils cannot compute accurately and correctly, as is here asserted, their study of arithmetic has been in vain.

The usual humor of examination papers is not missing. "Fat is caused by eating and by being lazy," and "Opium is a poisonous anecdote," are sentences taken from science papers. Geography contributes these: "The approximate distance from New York to Chicago is 500,000 square miles," and "South America is noted for its automatic birds." In history the Prince of Wales is enumerated among the prerogatives of the sovereign of England. Of course this sort of thing may easily be made to prove too much, but it is reasonably evident that the schools reporting to the Regents are in anything but an ideal condition. It would be of assistance if the Regents would classify schools as well as answer-papers. If the schools themselves were put each year under a series of headings, such as "Excellent," "Good," "Fair," and "Poor," there would be a wonderful activity developed in order to escape from the lower categories. Examinations are not an end in themselves, and the Regents' duty is not ended when credentials are issued. The deficiencies revealed should be closely followed up and improvement demanded.

A TARDY RECOGNITION.

The monument to Mary Washington has been a good while on the way, but there was no hurry about it. Her services to the United States were of such magnitude that there never has been any danger that they would be forgotten, or that when her monument did come it would be necessary to ask what she did. Nevertheless it is good to know that at last the monument has been completed and dedicated, and that it is worthy of its high responsibility—to commemorate the imperishable obligations of the country to the woman who bore and raised the most indispensable man-child that this country ever saw. The monument is dignified and handsome, and possesses the distinction, said to be unique, of being erected by women to a woman. There is a timely and appropriate text which should be inscribed on it somewhere. Perhaps it has been, for it is short, and one often sees it on monuments. "Go thou and do likewise!"—that is it, and impudent as the suggestion sounds, it is perhaps worth remarking that however it may be when the New Woman comes to her own, in times past more women have saved more countries by raising indispensable sons than in any other known way. But they have not always had the credit which has been due to them, and which should have been accorded them, not so much on their own account as to emphasize the importance of their example.

SECRET SOCIETY TITLES.

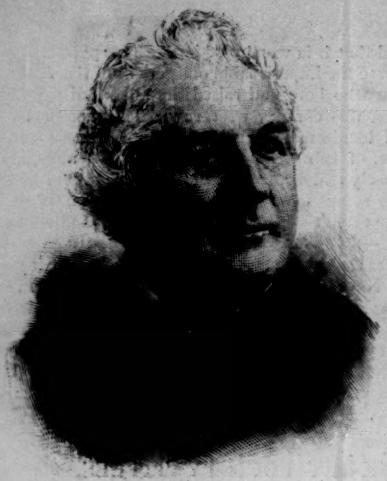
Among the new and startling secret societies which we note in this country is that of the Independent Order of Hoo-Hoos, now spreading in the West, and said to be on the point of gaining a foothold in the East. This joyous body, as we learn from chance references to it in the newspapers, is given to holding concatenations at stated intervals, with the aid of such officers as Supreme Snarks, Grand Vice-Snarks, and others as wonderful. The exact object which the worthy Hoo-Hoos have for existing has not yet been disclosed to us, though we suspect that their aim may be no more serious than to promote the gayety of nations.

But their appearance calls attention anew to the extraordinary faculty possessed by the American people for forming strange secret societies with resounding names, and managed by officers bearing reverberating titles. On the whole, the Hoo-Hoos, with their Snarks, are rather modest, and seem to lack originality. A few years ago there was said to exist in the State of Texas a secret society called the Gracious Pack of Free and Unterrified Jimplecutes, the head officer of which was an Exalted Supreme Willipus-Wallipus, and with a Grand Benign Old Giascutus and a Chief Refulgent and Iridescent Gee-Whiz. It is possible that this order never existed beyond the subtropical imagination of a correspondent; but, on the other hand, there was no particular reason to doubt its existence. The account sounded, and still sounds, reasonable. The calling of an officer Refulgent and Iridescent seems to us especially probable, since many societies, with names modest and undemonstrative rather than otherwise, bestow upon their officers titles which stir the soul of the listener like the sound of a trumpet.

Indeed, may not our persistency as a people in launching new and remarkable societies result from our love of echoing titles? And may not this love spring from a genuine need for them born of our utter lack of titles in civil life? May there not be implanted in the human bosom an absolute and certain demand for titles which causes a man who cannot hope ever to become a Sir or a Lordship to snatch hungrily at the chance of being an Exalted Puissant Grand? Further confirmation of this view may perhaps be found in the fact that every man among us who knows enough about a cannon to point out promptly and certainly the muzzle is a Colonel, while men have repeatedly reached the rank of Captain and Major in civil life who are quite at sea on the point of the exact location of this important part of a gun, only holding, in a general way, that it is around one end somewhere. But supposing that we are correct in tracing the love of society titles, which fairly glow and dazzle by their own light, to our national lack of orders of nobility, it would be no argument in favor of a peerage, but rather the reverse, since if the societies satisfy the inborn cravings for titles, as they seem to do, they are better in the respect that the members undeniably pay for the thing themselves, while in the case of a peerage it is suspected that the untitled have in the end to provide more or less directly for its board and lodging.

Not only do the many wonderful secret societies seem to satisfy certain needs of the human constitution, but it does not appear that they do any particular harm in any other direction. We arrive at this conclusion from the fact that, so far as we are aware, there is no Society for the Suppression of Societies. It is true that among the charges made by an Omaha woman, applying recently for divorce in South Dakota, was that her husband belonged to too many secret societies; but he seems to have been an exception. He belonged to so many, it appeared by the evidence, that attendance upon them all practically amounted to desertion. Not only was he a member of all the standard and well-known lodges, but all of the new and sporadic as well, including, we suppose, the Hoo-Hoos. She bore with him a long time, not even complaining when he joined the Ancient Order of the Colts of the Wild Ass, and became Exalted Puissant Chief Colt. But when on one of his rare and brief visits to his home for the purpose of putting on a uniform, in the making of which the ends of the earth (especially the bright-colored ends) had been robbed, he announced that he was about to join the Mystic Band of the Noble Sons of Belial, with the hope of some day becoming Worshipful Grand Eldest Son, she rebelled and started for South Dakota. She secured her divorce; but this man was clearly an extremist; besides, another woman recently got a divorce in the same court because her husband fell down stairs and jarred the house.

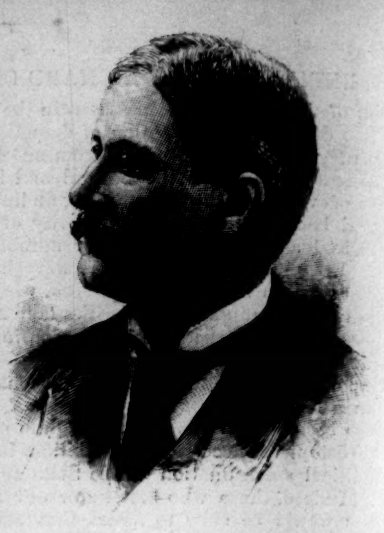
Just at the present moment the secret society seems to be eclipsed in popularity by the "industrial army," a number of which are reported still to be proceeding slowly across the country toward the eastern edge, like flies floundering over the surface of a section of sticky fly-paper. But the industrial army is a thing of the hour, and can in no way supply the place of the gorgeous new secret societies, especially as the army is said to discourage titles, which would seem to show a lack of sagacity on the part of the leaders.



THE LATE JOHN JAY, OF NEW YORK.
[See Page 463.]

The Czarevitch. Prince George of Wales.

TWO FUTURE EMPERORS.—[SEE PAGE 462]



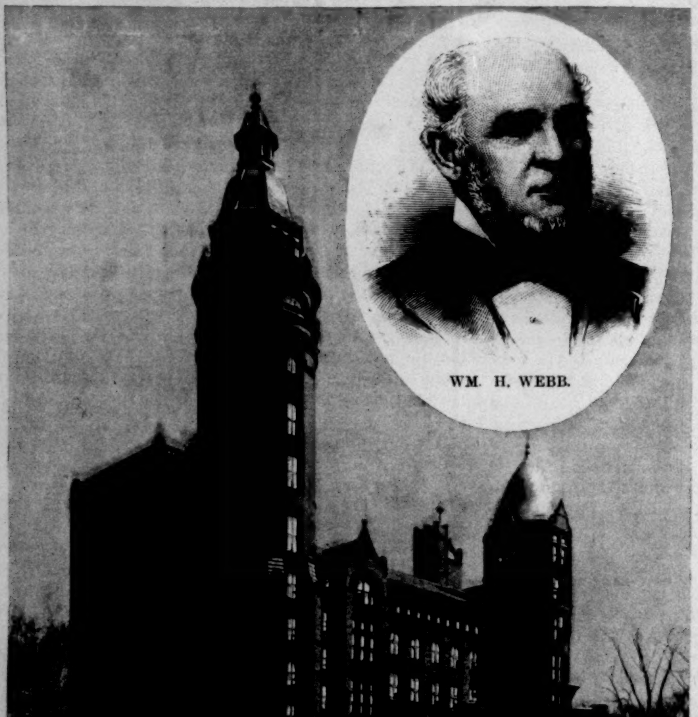
JOHN PATTON, JUN.,
Senator from Michigan.—[See Page 463.]

WILLIAM H. WEBB.

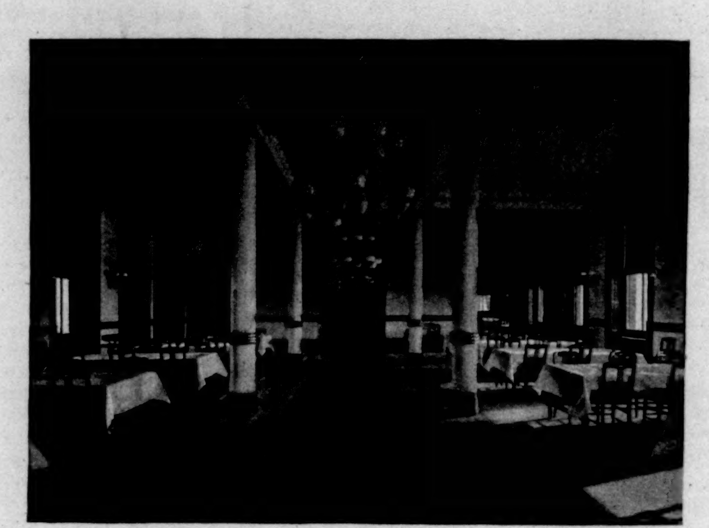
"WEBB'S Academy and Home for Ship-Builders," founded by the eminent ship-builder William H. Webb, at an outlay of over $2,000,000, on the summit of Fordham Heights, overlooking the Harlem River, was formally dedicated on Saturday, May 5th, the exercises being led by Bishop Henry C. Potter, of this diocese. It is years since Mr. Webb decided to make this disposition of a considerable fraction of his immense fortune, nearly all acquired in building 145 ships at his yards on the East River, during an active professional career of over thirty years, his achievements extending to the construction of powerful armored battle-ships for great powers like Russia and Italy and the United States. In his time, in marine architecture, he was without equal or rival, and now, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, hale, elastic of step, with a buoyant heart, and with the kindly benevolence of one grateful to the world for almost continuous blessings from boyhood, his every aspiration centres upon making his Academy unique in its several leading features, and on a par with the leading educational institutions of the world, teaching the most advanced methods of marine construction, with the idea of equipping the student with practical knowledge that will enable him readily to command a livelihood upon his graduation. The students are under no expense whatever. They are furnished with board and lodging in the commodious and palatial structure without charge, and of course instruction is free to all.

This is indeed philanthropy on a broad and catholic scale, and is without other example in the Union. Mr. Webb has a reason for this munificence. Remembering the great difficulties he encountered in his youth while seeking to acquire a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge of ship-building, he determined years ago that if it were ever in his power to smooth the pathway of knowledge in this direction for the industrious, intelligent, and ambitious young men of our country, he would be glad to do so, and the "Academy and Home" are the result. The Home is where the aged and decrepit ship-carpenter and engine-builder may spend the remaining years of their lives in comfort and happiness, not restricting the institution to single men, or separating man and wife, but where hand in hand they may continue life's journey to the end. He accordingly purchased fourteen acres of land at Fordham Heights, Westchester County. The buildings, now complete in every detail, stand on a bluff, giving a beautiful and picturesque view of the surrounding country. The location is easy of access, just above Fort George, and near the station of the New York and Northern Railroad. The main structure is of the Romanesque order of architecture, of plain stone, and round arches on the upper tier of windows. On the first floor are the manager's and reception rooms, parlors, library, and dining-hall. The dormitories and hospital are on the second floor. A feature of the building is that the work-rooms are high up, so that there is a free-circulating air in that elevated story. The draughting-room occupies the entire northern end of the building above the third story.

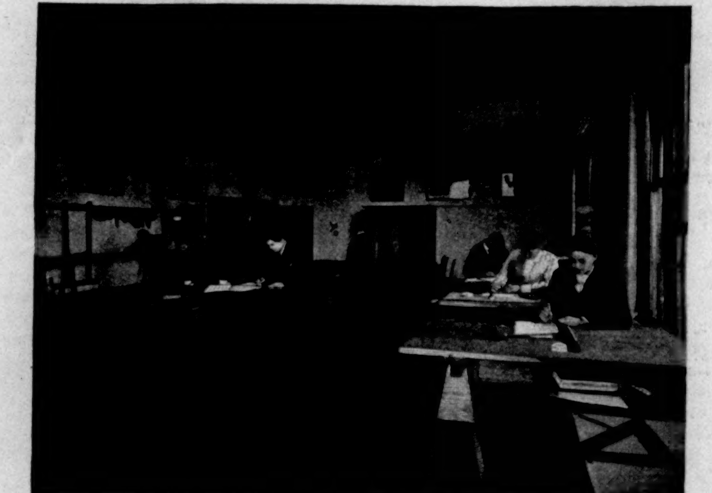
Among the trustees of the Academy are William H. Webb, James M. Brown, the Cramps of Philadelphia, the Poillons of Brooklyn, and others distinguished by their connection with the maritime interests of the United States.



THE BUILDING FROM THE NORTHWEST.

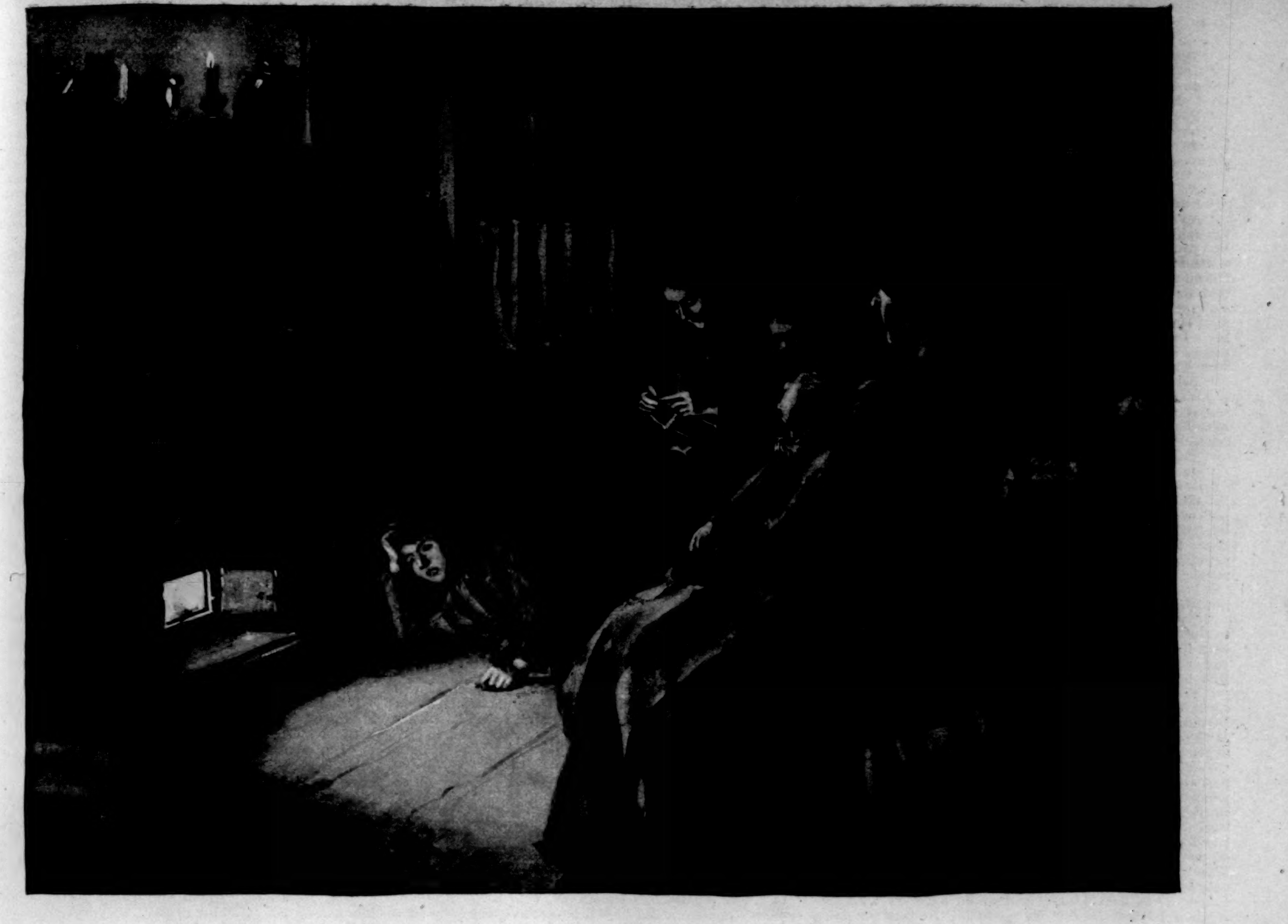


THE DINING-ROOM.



THE DRAUGHTING-ROOM.

THE WEBB ACADEMY AND HOME FOR SHIP-BUILDERS.



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER IV.

"MAN PROPOSES."

MRS. STRANG was busy in Deacon Hailey's kitchen. The providential death of Mrs. Hailey had given her chores to do at the homestead; for female servants—or even male—were scarce in the colony, and Ruth had been brought up to play on the harpsichord.

When Mrs. Strang got home after a three-mile walk, sometimes through sleet and slush, she would walk up and down till the small hours, spinning carded wool into yarn at her great uncouth wheel, and weeping automatically at her loneliness, reft even of the occasional husband for whom she had forsaken the great naval city of her girlhood, the beautiful century-old capital. "It's enough to make a body throw up the position," she would cry hysterically to the deaf rafters, when the children were asleep and only the wind was awake. But the droning wheel went round just the same, steady as the wheel of time (Mrs. Strang moving to and fro like a shuttle), till the task was completed, and morning often found her ill rested and fractious and lachrymose. Matt would have pitied her more if she had pitied herself less. In the outside world, however, she had no airs of martyrdom, bearing herself genially and independently. At the "revivals" held in private houses she was an important sinful figure, though neither Harriet nor Matt had yet found grace or membership. She smiled a pleasant response to-night when Deacon Hailey came in from the tannery and said "Good-evenin'." It was a large, low kitchen, heated by an American stove, with a gleaming dresser, and black wooden beams, from which hams hung. The deacon felt more comfortable there than in the room in which Ruth was at that moment engaged in tinkling the harpsichord, a room that contained other archaic heirlooms—old china, a tapestry screen, scriptural mottoes worked in ancestral hair, and a large colored lithograph of the Ark on Mount Ararat, for refusing to come away from which Matt had once been clouted by his mother before all the neighbors.

"An' how's Billy?" asked the deacon. "Some folk 'ud say how's Billy's mother, but thet I can see for myself, rael bonny and han'sum, thet's a fact. It's sick folk ez a Christian should inquire arter—hey?"

"Billy's jest the same," replied Mrs. Strang, her handsome face clouding.

"No more fits—hey?"

"No, not for a long time, thank God. But he'll never be straight again."

"Ah, Mrs. Strang, we are all crooked somehow. 'Tis the Lord's will, you may depend. Since my poor Susan was took, my heart's all torn and mangled; my heart-strings kinder twisted 'bout her grave. Ah! never kin I forgit her. Love is love, I allus thinks. My time was spent so happy, plannin' how to make her happy—for 'tis only in makin' others happy that we git happy ourselves—hey? Now I hev no wife to devote myself to, my han's are empty. I go 'bout lookin' everyways for Sunday."

"Oh, but I'm sure you've never got a minute to spare."

"You may depend," said the deacon, proudly. "If I ain't 'tarnally busy what with the tannery an' the grist-mill an' the farm an' the mail, it's a pity. I don't believe in neglectin' dooty because your heart's bustin' within." He spat sorrowfully under the stove. "My motto is, 'Take kear o' the minutes, and the holidays 'll take kear o' themselves.' A man hez no time to waste in this oncivilized province, where stinkin' Indians, that never cleared an acre in their lazy lives, hev the right to encamp on a man's land, and cut down his best firs and ashes fer their butter-butts and baskets, and then hev the imperence to want to swop the identical same for your terbacco. It's thievin', I allus thinks, right-down breakin' o' the Commandments—hey?"

"Well, what kin you expec' from Papists?" replied Mrs. Strang. "Why, fer sixpence the holy fathers forgive 'em all their sins."

"'Tain't often they've got sixpence—hey? When 'lection day comes round agen, I don't vote fer no candidate that don't promise to coop all them greasy Micmacs up in a reservation, same as they do to Newfoundland. They're not fit to mix with hard-workin' Christian folk. Them air kids o' yourn, now, I hope they're proper industrious. A child kint begin too airly to larn field-work—hey?"

"Ah, they're the best children in the world," said Mrs. Strang. "They'll do anything an' eat anything e'ena'most, an' never a cross word; thet's a fact."

"I'm everlastin' glad to hear it, Mrs. Strang, for I know you can't afford t'employ outside labor. They're going to arx three shillin's a day this summer, the blood-suckers."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," quoted Mrs. Strang.

"Yes, but he allus wants to be *highered*—hey? A seasonable joke ain't bad in its right place, I allus thinks. You needn't allus be pullin' a long face. Thet Matt of yourn, now, I've seen him with a face like ole Jupe's fiddle, and walkin' along as slow as a bark-mill turns a'most."

Mrs. Strang sighed.

"Ah, you're a good woman, Mrs. Strang. There's no call to blush, fer it's true. D'ye think Deacon Hailey hasn't got eyes fer what's under his nose? The way you're bringin' up them air kids is a credit to the province. I only hopes they'll be proper thankful fer it when they're growed up. It makes my heart bleed a'most, I do declare. Many a time I've said to myself, 'Deacon Hailey, 'tis your dooty to do somethin' fer them air orphans.' Many a time I've thought I'd take the elder ones off your han's. There's plenty o' room in the ole farm—'twere built for children, but there's only Ruth left. Poor Sophia's two boys were as delicate as herself."

"Sophia?" murmured Mrs. Strang, interrogatively.

"That was my fust wife, afore you came to these parts. She died young, poor critter. Never shall I forgit her. Ah, there's nothin' like fust love, I allus thinks. If I hedn't wanted to hev children to work fer, I should never ha' married agen. But it's a selfish business, workin' fer one's own han', I allus thinks, knowin' that when you die all you've sweated fer 'll go to strangers. An' now thet I've only got one soul dependent on me, I feels teetotally onswoggled. What do you say? s'pose I relieve you of Matt—dooty don't end with passin' the bag round in church—hey?—it's on this airth that we're called upon to sacrifice ourselves—or better still—s'pose I take Harriet off your han's?"

Mrs. Strang answered hesitatingly: "It is rael kind o' you, deacon. But, of course, Harriet couldn't live here with you."

"Hey? Why not?"

"She's too ole."

"An' how ole might she be?"

"Gittin' on for seventeen."

"I guess thet's not too ole fer me," he said, with a guffaw.

Mrs. Strang paused, startled. The idea took away her breath. The deacon smiled on. In the embarrassing silence the tinkle of Ruth's harpsichord sounded like an orchestra.

"You—would—raelly—like my Harriet?" Mrs. Strang said at last.

"You may depend—I've thought a good deal of her, a brisk and handy young critter with no boardin'-school nonsense 'bout her. Of course there's heaps of handsome gals every ways, but booty is only skin-deep, I allus thinks. She's very young, too, but thet's rather in her favor. You can eddicate 'em if you take 'em young. Train up a *child*—hey?"

"But I'm afeared Harriet wouldn't give up Abner Preep," said Mrs. Strang, slowly. "She's the most obstinate gal, thet's a fact."

"Hey? She walks out with Abner Preep?"

"No—not thet! I've sot my face agen thet. But I know she wouldn't give him up, that's sartin."

Ruth's harpsichord again possessed the silence, trilling forth "Doxology" with an unwarranted presto movement. Mrs. Strang went on: "The time o' your last muddin' frolic she danced with him all night e'ena'most, and druv off home in his sledge, and there ain't a quiltin' party or a candy-pullin' but she contrives to meet him."

"Scendalous!" exclaimed the deacon.

"I don't see nothin' scendalous," replied Mrs. Strang, indignantly. "The young man wants to marry her genu*ine*. 'Pears to me *your* darter is more scendalous a'most, playin' hymns as if they were hornpipes. I didn't arx my folks if I might meet my poor Davie. We went to dances and shows together, and me a Baptist, God forgive me! And Harriet's jest like that—the hussy—she takes arter her mother."

"But if you were to talk to her," urged the deacon.

Mrs. Strang shook her head.

"She'd stab herself sooner."

"Stab herself sooner'n give up Abner Preep!"

"Sooner'n marry any one else."

The deacon paused to cut himself a wedge of tobacco imperturbably.

"Well, who wants her to marry anybody else?" he asked, raising his eyebrows. "*You* don't, do you?"

"N-n-o," gasped Mrs. Strang, purpling.

"Thet's right. Give her her head a bit. It don't do to tie a grown-up gal to her mammy's apron-strings. You may take a horse to the water, but you kin't make her drink—hey? No, no, don't you worry Harriet with forcin' husbands on her."

"I—I—kinder—thought—" gasped Mrs. Strang, looking handsomer than ever in the rosy glow of confusion.

"You kinder thought—?" echoed old Hey, spitting accurately under the stove.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

“Thet you wanted Harriet—”

“Thet's so. I guessed she could live here more comfortable than to home. I don't ask no reward; ‘the widder and the orphan,’ as Scripter says—hey?”

“You didn't mean marriage?”

“Hey?” shouted the deacon. “Marriage? Me? Well, I swow! Me, whose Susan hes only been dead five months! A proper thing to suspec' me of! Why, all the neighbors 'ould be sayin', ‘Susan is hardly cold in her grave afore he's thinkin' of another.’”

“I beg your pardin,” said the abashed woman.

“An' well you may, I do declare! Five months arter the funeral, indeed! Why, ten months at least must elapse! But you teetotally mistook my meanin', Mrs. Strang; it's a woman *I'd* be wantin'—a woman with a heart and a soul, not an unbroken filly. All I was a-thinkin' of was, Could that air Abner Preep clothe and feed your darter? But I ain't the man to bear malice; and till you kin feel you kin trust her to him or some other man, my house is open to her. I don't draw back my offer, and when I made it I was quite aware you would hev to be on the spot too, ter look arter her—hey?”

“Me?”

“Well, you're not too ole, anyways.” And the deacon smiled again. “A'ready you're here all day e'ena'most.” Here he half knelt down to attend to the stove, which was smoking very slightly. “It wouldn't be much of a change to sleep here—hey?”

“Oh, but you're forgittin' the other children, deacon.”

“Deacon Hailey ain't the man to forgit anything, I guess,” he said, over his shoulder. “Afore he talks he thinks. He puts everything in the tan-pit and lets it soak—hey? Is it likely I'd take you over here and leave the little 'uns motherless? I never *did* like this kind of stove.” He fidgeted impatiently with the mechanism at the back, making the iron rattle.

“I—I—don't—understand,” faltered Mrs. Strang, her heart beginning to beat painfully.

“How you do go on ter-day, Mrs. Strang! When I ain't talkin' o' marriage you jumps at it, and when I am you hang back like a mare afore a six-foot dyke. Ah! thet's better,” and he adjusted the damper noisily, with a great sigh of satisfaction.

“You want to marry *me?*” gasped Mrs. Strang. The dark handsome features flushed yet deeper; her bosom heaved.

“You've struck it! I do want ter, thet's plain!” He rose to his feet, and threw his head back and his chest forward. “You'll allus find me straightforward, Mrs. Strang. I don't beat about the bush—hey? But I shouldn't hev spoke so prematoor if you hedn't druv me to it by your mistake 'bout Harriet. As if I could marry a giddy young gal with her head full o' worldly thoughts. Surely you must hev seen how happy I've been to hev you here, arnin' money to pay off your mortgage. Not that I'd 'a' called it in anyways! What's that air little sum to me? But I was thinkin' o' *your* feelin's; how onhappy you would be ter owe me the money. And then thinkin' how ter do somethin' for your children, I saw it couldn't be done without takin' *you* into account. A mother clings to her children. Nater is nater, I allus thinks. And the more I took you into account, the more you figured up. There's a great mother, I thinks; there's a God-fearin' woman. An' a God-fearin' woman is a crown to her husban'—hey? If ever I do bring myself to marry agen, thet's the woman for my money, I vow! When I say money, it's on'y speakin' in parables like, 'cause I'm not thet sort o' man. There *air* men as 'ud come to you an' say, ‘See here, Mrs. Strang, I've got fifty acres of fust-class interval-land, an' a thousand acres of upland an' forest-land, an' thirty head o' cattle, an' a hundred sheep a'most, an' a tannery that, with the shoemaker's shop attached, brings me in two hundred pounds a year, an' a grist-mill, an' I carry the mail, an' I've shares and mortgages that would make you open your eyes, I tell *you*, an' I'm free from encumbrances e'ena'most, whereas you've got half a dozen. But what does Deacon Hailey say? He says, jest put all thet outer your mind, Mrs. Strang, an' think on'y o' the *man*—think o' the man, with no one to devote himself to.”

He took her hand, and she did not withdraw it. Emotion made her breathing difficult. In the new light in which he appeared to her she saw that he was still a proper man—straight and tall, and sturdy, and bright of eye, despite his grizzled beard and hair.

“And if you kin't give him devotion in return, jest you say so plump; take a lesson from his straightforwardness—hey? Don't you think o' your mortgage, or his money-bags, 'cause money ain't happiness—hey? An' don't you go sacrificin' yourself for your children, thinkin' o' poor little Billy's future, 'cause I don't hold with folks sacrificin' themselves wholesale; self-preservation is the fust law of nater—hey? an' it wouldn't be fair to *me*. All ye hev to arx yourself is jest this: Kin you make Deacon Hailey happy in his declinin' years!” He drew himself up to his full height without letting go her hand, and his eyes looked into hers. “Yes, I say declinin' years—there's no deception, the 'taters air all up to sample. How ole might you think me?”

“Fifty,” she said, politely.

“Nearer sixty!” he replied, triumphantly. “But I hev my cold bath every mornin'—I'm none o' your shaky boards that fly into etarnal bits at the fust clout—hey?”

“But you hev been married twice,” she faltered.

“So will *you* be—when you marry me—hey?” And the deacon lifted her chin playfully. “We're neither on us rough timber—we've both hed our wainy edges knocked off—hey? My father hed three wives—and he's still hale and hearty—a widower o' ninety. Like father like son—hey? He's a deacon too, down to Digby.”

As Deacon Hailey spoke of his father he grew middle-aged to Mrs. Strang's vision. But she found nothing to reply, and her thoughts drifted off inconsequently on the rivulet of sacred music.

“But Ruth won't like it,” she murmured at last.

“Hey? What's Ruth got to say in the matter? I guess Ruth knows her fifth commandment, an' so do I. My father is the on'y person whose blessin' I shall arx on my 'spousals. I allus make a p'int o' thet, you may depend.”

The pathetic picture of Deacon Hailey beseeching his father's blessing knocked off ten years more from his age, and it was a young and ardent wooer whose grasp tightened momently on Mrs. Strang's hand.

“We might go ter see him together,” he said. “It's an everlastin' purty place, Digby.”

“I'd rayther see Halifax,” said Mrs. Strang, weakly. In the whirl of her thoughts Ruth's tinkling tune seemed the only steady thing in the universe. Oh, if Ruth would only play something bearing on the situation, so that Heaven might guide her in this sudden and fateful crisis!

“Halifax too, some day,” said the deacon, encouragingly, laying his disengaged hand caressingly on her hair. “We'll go ter the circus together.”

She withdrew herself spasmodically from his touch.

“Don't ask me!” she cried; “you're Presbyterian!”

“Well, and what was your last husban'?”

“Don't ask me. Harriet and Matt are ongodly 'nough as it is; they've neither on 'em found salvation.”

“Well, I won't interfere with your doctrines, you bet. Freedom o' conscience, I allus thinks. We all sarve the same Maker—hey? I guess you're purty reg'lar at our church, though.”

“Thet's God's punishment on me for runnin' away from Halifax. I ought ter ha' been expelled from membership there and then, thet's a fact, but the elders were merciful. Sometimes I think 'tis the old French nater that makes me backslide; my grandfather came from Paris in 1783, at the end o' the Amur'can war, and settled to St. Margaret's Bay, but then he married into a God-fearin' German family that emigrated there the same time a'most, and that orter made things straight agen.”

Mrs. Strang talked on, glad to find herself floating away from the issue. But the deacon caught her by the hand again and hauled her back.

“There won't be no backslidin' in Deacon Hailey's household, you may depend,” he said. “When a woman has a godly stay-to-home husband, Satan takes to his heels. It's widders and grass-widders as he flirts with—hey?”

Mrs. Strang colored up again, and prayed silently for help from the harpsichord.

“I can't give you an answer yet,” she said, feebly.

Old Hey slowly squirted a stream of tobacco juice into the air as imperturbably as a stone fountain figure.

“I don't want your answer yet. Didn't I tell you I couldn't dream of marryin' agen for ages? It don't matter *your* bein' in a hurry 'cause your pardner left you three years back, but I hev the morals o' the township to consider; it's our dooty in life to set a good example to the weaker brethren, I allus thinks. Eight months at least must elapse! I on'y spoke out now 'cause o' your onfortunate mistake 'bout Harriet, and all I want is to be sure thet when I do come to ask you in proper form and in doo course you won't say ‘no.’”

Mrs. Strang remained silent. And the harpsichord was silent too. Even that had deserted her; its sound might have been tortured into some applicability, but its silence could be construed into nothing, unless it was taken to give consent. And then all at once Ruth struck a new chord. Mrs. Strang strained her ears to catch the first bar. The deacon could not understand the sudden gleam that lit up her face when the instrument broke into the favorite Nova-Scotian song, “The Vacant Chair!” At last Heaven had sent her a sign; there was a vacant chair, and it was her mission to fill it.

“Well, is thet a bargain?” asked the deacon, losing patience.

“If you're sure you want me,” breathed Mrs. Strang.

In a flash the deacon's arms were round her and his lips on hers. She extricated herself almost as quickly by main force.

“'Twarn't to be yet,” she cried, indignantly.

“Of course not, Mrs. Strang,” retorted the deacon, severely. “On'y you asked if I was sure, and I allowed I'd show you Deacon Hailey was genuine. It's sorter sealin' the bargen—hey? I couldn't let you depart in onsartinty.”

“Well, behave yourself in future,” she said, only half mollified, as she readjusted her hair, “or I'll throw up the position. I guess I'll be off now,” and she took bonnet and mantle from a peg.

“Not in anger, Mrs. Strang, I hope. ‘Let all bitterness be put away from you’—hey? That air handsome face o' yourn warn't meant for thunder-clouds.”

He hastened to help her on with her things, and in the process effected a reconciliation by speaking of new ones that would set off her beauty better. Mrs. Strang walked airily through the slushy forest road as on a primrose path. She was excited and radiant—her troubles were rolled away, and her own and her children's future assured, and Heaven itself had nodded assent. Her lonely heart was to know a lover's tenderness again; it was swelling now with gratitude that might well blossom into affection. How gay her home should be with festive companies, to be balanced by mammoth revivalist meetings! She would be the centre of hospitality and piety for the country-side.

But as she neared the house—which seemed to have run half-way to meet her—the primroses changed back to slush, and her face to its habitual gloom.

The children were in the kitchen. Harriet was crocheting, the boy daubing flowers on a board, which he slid under the stove as he heard his mother stamping off the wet snow in the passage. Mrs. Strang came in and took the baby, but she soon sent all but Harriet to bed. Then she warmed her frozen hands at the stove and relapsed into silence. Twenty times she opened her lips to address the girl, but the words held back. She grew angry with her daughter at last.

“You're plaguy onsociable to-night, Harriet,” she said, sharply.

“Me, mother?”

“Yes, you. You might tell a body the news.”

“There's no news to Cobequid. Ole Jupe's come back from fiddlin' at a colored ball 'way down Hants County. He says two darkies had a fight over the belle.”

Harriet ceased, and her needles clicked on irritatingly. Mrs. Strang burst forth.

“You might ask a body the news.”

“What news can there be down to ole Hey's?” Harriet snapped.

“Deacon Hailey,” began Mrs. Strang, curiously stung by the familiar nickname, and pricked by resentment into courage. Then her voice failed, and she concluded almost in a murmur, “is a-thinkin' of marryin' agen.”

“The ole wretch!” ejaculated Harriet, calmly continuing her crocheting.

“He's not so ole!” expostulated Mrs. Strang, meekly.

“He's sixty! You might as well think o' marryin' yourself! The idea!”

“Oh, but I'm only thirty-five, Harriet!”

“Well, it's jest as ole. Love-makin' is on'y for the young.”

“Thet's jest where you are wrong, Harriet. Youth is enjoyment enough of itself. It is the ole folks thet hev nothin' else to look for thet want to be loved. It's the on'y thing that keeps 'em from throwin' up the position, and *they* marry sensibly. Young folks oughter to wait till they've got sense.”

“The longer they wait the less sense they've got! If two people love each other they ought to marry at once—thet's a fact.”

“Yes, if they're two ole sensible people.”

“I'm tar'd o' this talk o' waiting,” said Harriet, petulantly. “How ole were you when you married father?”

“You ondecent minx!” ejaculated Mrs. Strang.

“You weren't no older nor me,” persisted Harriet, unabashed.

“Yes, but I lived in a great city. I saw young men of all shapes and sizes. I picked from the tree; I didn't take the fust that fell at my feet, an' how can you look at an onsightly critter like Abner Preep? I'd rather see you matched with Roger Besant, for though his left shoulder *is* half an inch higher than the right a'most, from carrying heavy timbers in the ship-yard, he don't bend his legs like a couple o' broken candles.”

“Don't talk to me o' Roger Besant; he's a toad. It's Abner I love. I don't kear 'bout his legs; his heart's in the right place!”

“You mean he's given it to you!”

“I calc'late so!”

“An' you will fly in my face?”

“I must,” said Harriet, sullenly, “if you don't take your face out of the way.”

“You imperent slummix! An' you will leave your mother alone!”

“As soon as Abner can build a house.”

“Then if you marry Abner Preep,” said Mrs. Strang, rising in all the majesty of righteous menace, “I'll marry Deacon Hailey.”

“What!” Harriet also rose, white and scared.

“You may depend! I'm desprit! You kin try me too far. You know the wust now. I *will* take my face out o' the way, you onnatural darter! I will take it to one that 'preciates it.”

There was a painful silence. Mrs. Strang eyed her daughter nervously. Harriet seemed dazed.

“You'd marry ole Hey?” she breathed at last.

“You'd marry young Preep!” retorted the mother.

“I'm a young gal!”

“An' I'm an ole woman! Two ole folks is as good a match as two young 'uns.”

“Ah, but you don't allow Abner and me *is* a good match!” said Harriet, eagerly.

“If you allow the deacon and me is!”

Their eyes met.

“You see, there's the young 'uns to think on,” said Mrs. Strang. “If you were to go away, how could I get along with the mortgage?”

“That's true,” said Harriet, relenting a little.

“An' if we were all to go to the farm, there 'd be the house for you and Abner.”

Harriet flushed rosily.

“An' mebbe the deacon wouldn't be hard with the mortgage!”

“Mebbe,” murmured Harriet. Her heart went pitapat. But suddenly her face clouded. “But what will Matt say?” she half whispered, as if afraid he might be within hearing. “I guess he'll be riled some.”

“Oh, he'll be all right if you kinder break the news to him and explain the thing proper. I reckon he won't take to the deacon at first.”

“The deacon! It's Abner I'm thinkin' on!”

“Abner! What does it matter what he thinks of Abner? 'Tain't as if Matt was older nor you. He's got nothin' to say in the matter, I do allow.”

“But he calls him Bully Preep, and says he used to wallop him at McTavit's.”

“And didn't he desarve it?” asked Mrs. Strang, indignantly.

“He says he won't hev him foolin' roun'. He calls him an Indian skunk.”

“And who's Matt, I should like to know, to pass his opinions on his elders and betters? You jest take no notice of his tarnation imperence and he'll dry up. It's hevin' a new father he'll be peaked about. Thet's why you'd better do the talkin' to Matt!”

“Then you'll hev to tell him 'bout Abner,” bargained Harriet.

But neither had the courage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEIRS OF TWO EMPIRES.

“All the world,” says Emerson, “loves a lover,” and that is possibly a reason why, when the match-makers of royal birth, hedged about by the traditional limitations of their class, and compelled to take thought of political considerations as well, have finally brought about a marriage scheme between a couple of their charges, they straightway set “inspired” tongues and pens wagging with stories of the genuine affection of the lad and the lass in question for each other. And the good-natured world, still finding royalty amusing and romantic, and touched with the charm of remoteness, believes the stories with a zest that by all means implies conviction. It is reported with more than usual persistency that when the young Grand-Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, eldest son and heir of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, was promised in marriage to the Princess Alixe of Hesse, granddaughter of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, and cousin to the Emperor of Germany, it was the happy crowning of genuine love on both sides. It is open to suspicion, however, that the high match-makers in this case did protest too much.

The Princess Alixe is a young woman of more than usual wit and grace and intelligence, and a great favorite with her venerable and accomplished grandmother. When the latter, with all her native liking and acquired capacity for making matches, set about finding a husband for her favorite granddaughter she finally selected by all odds the most brilliant *parti* within sight—the heir to the Russian throne. And when she found an ally in the enterprise in the person of the Emperor of Germany, success was assured, and the feelings of the young people, though they may have been lively in one direction or the other, need not be considered as having counted. The rulers of the three greatest and most powerful nations of the globe had set out to couple them, and coupled they were bound to be. If they had really been only awaiting an opportunity to rush into each other's arms, we suspect that the fact would not have been heralded so loudly. It would have been apparent enough of itself.

The Czarevitch, whose portrait we give on page 460, apart from his “prospects” would not be likely to strike any maiden's heart with the lightning of love. He is simply a young man of twenty-six years of age, of no known gifts or characteristics of any mark. Until within a few years he has been a sickly youth, and the nature of his illness was such as in common life would discourage parents with marriageable daughters, since it was of the sort known as "nervous," and required the attention of specialists in mental troubles, who had previously been called in for his mother in similar circumstances. In 1891, however, he made a tour of the world, and had the luck in Japan to be attacked by a crazy native and receive some rather savage sword wounds. Possibly, as sometimes happens, the shock of this experience may have steadied instead of further unbalancing his nerves. At any rate, he has since been a much stronger man.

Prince George, the only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, whose portrait we also present, is a cousin of Princess Alixe and of Emperor William II. He is of a different type, though the faces bear some resemblance to each other. He also is the heir, after his father, to a throne not so despotic but more imposing than that of Russia, and the alliance knitted by the betrothal of the Czarevitch may have important consequences on the relations between great nations. It is not very long since Great Britain and Russia were regarded as hereditary enemies, and a like relation, more pronounced, was still more recently believed to exist between Russia and Germany. But with a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a cousin of the German William as Czarina of Russia, the policy of that empire, resting finally, as it does, in the hands of the Czar, will not readily be hostile to his wife's family. Should this prove to be the result of the marriage, many millions of people who care but little about it now may bless its celebration.

SENATOR PATTON OF MICHIGAN.

The Governor of Michigan was much besought by the Republican politicians of his State in the matter of selecting a successor to the late Senator Francis B. Stockbridge. There appear to be a great number of Republican war-horses in Michigan, and the majority of these were ambitious to go to Washington. So warm did the contest grow that the Governor became embarrassed, and went outside of the list of regular candidates with strong party backing and selected Mr. John Patton, Jun., of Grand Rapids. In doing this it has been suggested that Governor Rich will expect Mr. Patton's support when the Legislature meets and there is an election for the remainder of the term. But there is no suggestion that Mr. Patton is at present a party to any such arrangement. He has been active in Michigan politics, but has never cared for office, though it is conceded that he might have been Mayor of Grand Rapids or Representative in Congress from his district had he so desired. His indifference to office, notwithstanding his willingness to do party work, has led to the belief that he was singularly unambitious. He does not conceal his pleasure that the Governor should have chosen him to be Senator, and it may be that he has been waiting all the time for a congenial station before accepting public responsibilities,

Mr. Patton is a young man to go to the United States Senate, as he is just short of forty-four years old. But his education has been liberal, and even those who are not pleased at his appointment grant that his equipment is much better than the average of those who win seats in the Upper House of Congress. He is a native of Cowansville, Pennsylvania, and his father was twice a member of Congress from that district. Mr. Patton prepared for Yale College at the Andover Academy, finishing at New Haven with the class of 1875. He then spent two years at the Columbia College Law School, being graduated in 1877. He went directly to Grand Rapids and began the practice of the law. He has probably taken more interest in study than in practice, and this fact led ex-Governor Luce, when disappointed that he did not himself receive the appointment, to say of Mr. Patton, "He is a young lawyer without a client." But Mr. Patton's modest fortune enables him to live as he chooses.

He has been in demand as a political speaker in the last few campaigns, and is counted among the "spellbinders" of his party. He was president of the Republican League of his State for two years, and has the credit of so reorganizing that society as to make it very effective in support of the party. After his appointment he declared that on the finance and tariff bills he stood squarely on the Republican platform, and referred inquirers to that document for further information. He is opposed to the income tax as proposed in the Wilson bill.

JOHN JAY.

Few readers of the newspapers can have failed to note the unusual accent of sincerity in the expressions of regret that were published when John Jay died, on Saturday, May 5th, within a fortnight of completing his seventy-seventh year. Expressions of this kind concerning a citizen so distinguished by his descent and by his long and active participation in public affairs were to be expected as a matter of course, which is as much as to say that they were expected to be perfunctory. But when they proceeded from writers who had known Mr. Jay they were not perfunctory, but were the statements of the charm which he exercised upon all those who enjoyed his acquaintance.

Mr. Jay might have passed through life without taking part in its activities. An ample fortune and the best place in American society were secured to him from his birth. He was a scion of one of the most distinguished of the colonial and Revolutionary families of New York, and the grandson of that John Jay, first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, of whom Daniel Webster said, in a famous speech, that when the ermine fell upon John Jay it touched nothing that was not as spotless as itself. His birth, his wealth, and his tastes seemed to designate him for a life of lettered ease. But his spirit was too ardent to permit sloth. Almost as soon as he had attained his majority he became an active antislavery man, at a time when activity in that cause was taken in respectable circles at the North as the mark of an unbalanced mind, if not as an actual brand of social disrepute; and he never faltered in his attachment to the cause, or in his efforts in behalf of it, until the victory had been won.

Slavery disposed of, he turned his attention to other causes that seemed to him good. He was one of the earliest and most earnest advocates of civil service reform, and was appointed by Governor Cleveland a member of the State Civil Service Commission. The only conspicuous public office, properly speaking, that he ever held was that of Minister to Austria under General Grant. He was never a politician in the ordinary sense of the term, but he was a public-spirited citizen who gave himself heartily and unselfishly to the redress of abuses and to the establishment of what he deemed right principles. Until the infirmities of age overtook him he was an ardent controversialist upon subjects some of which the ordinary politician regards as too burning to be safely handled. One of these was the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to American institutions in general and to the public schools in particular. That was one of the topics on which an ardent controversialist would be apt both to exhibit and to excite rancorous feelings. But there was no rancor in John Jay. His courtesy disarmed the hostility his outspokenness might have created, and it is not likely that his controversies ever made him a personal enemy. Certainly that must have been a rooted hostility that could withstand the benignity and the charm of his presence, or that could have affronted a man so utterly incapable of rudeness on his own part. Mr. Jay's public career, if it may be called so, was a life-long illustration of the advantage of being a gentleman.

THE SPEEDWAY.

If it be true, as the proverb says, that "the house that is a-building looks not as the house that is built," it is at least equally true that the road that is making looks not like the road that is made. The present condition of an extensive drive like the new speedway, in fact or in photography, gives a very inadequate notion of what the speedway will be like when it is done. But representations of the present condition of the work give an accurate notion of the difficulties that are to be vanquished in the construction, a much juster notion, indeed, than will be derivable from the finished driveway when at a date not yet certain it is opened to that part of the public that owns fast horses and likes to drive them fast. There was a famous road-builder who was driven to commemorate the difficulties of his undertaking, which he feared that posterity would not otherwise appreciate, by celebrating them in two lines of immortal verse:

> "Had you seen this road before it was made,
> You would lift both your hands and bless General Wade."

Had photography been invented in General Wade's time, he could have made a more vivid if less poetical exposition of his difficulties by such photographs of his road "before it was made" as are herewith presented of the Harlem River speedway.

Whoever considers the speedway in its present condition, however, must own, if he be inclined to admit that the trotting men deserve to have any public provision whatever made for them, that it was a happy thought of Mayor Gilroy to suggest the making of this particular provision. The trotting men had for a good many years been besieging the Central Park with a view to getting a speedway laid out in it for their benefit, and had succeeded in getting into the Park Board one of themselves as their own representative and organ, when the bill to establish the speedway was rushed through the Legislature with great and suspicious speed, and afterwards repealed with extreme difficulty when public opinion had been overwhelmingly pronounced against it. Mr. Gilroy, then Commissioner of Public Works, had favored the bill, but when he saw how extensive was the public indignation, he worked with great vigor for the repeal, and contributed a very necessary factor to it. The question then recurred, what was to be done for the trotting men, and a good many proposals were considered and rejected before Mr. Gilroy proposed that it should be constructed on the west shore of the Harlem, beginning at Macomb's Dam Bridge, and running two miles and more northward. The line fulfils all the conditions of a speedway. The first necessity of such a driveway is that it shall not be crossed at grade by streets devoted to ordinary traffic. Such a crossing is quite out of the question for a road that skirts a river under a precipitous bluff. Another condition is that the driveway shall not be crossed overhead by bridges, since a spirited horse cannot be driven under a bridge at speed, especially if the bridge is manned by shouting men and boys, as would be very apt to be the case if any bridges spanned the Harlem driveway. Bridges are here almost impracticable and quite unnecessary, except for the crossing of pedestrians from one side to the other of the driveway, and this purpose can be accomplished by means of tunnels. Moreover, the strip of land taken for the driveway is free from abrupt turns, and is so laid out as to be free from difficult grades. It is in the shade of the bluff in the afternoon, when driving is mainly done, and exposed only to the morning sun. In fact, it offers an ideal place for its purpose, where the trotting men can trot without molesting anybody or being themselves molested.

As the illustrations indicate, the driveway, as seen from any point of view furnished by itself, "before it is made," gives but a scanty notion of what it is to be. It is plain that much work has been done, though even more remains to do; but the rubbish of fresh dirt and new-felled timber and the other details of road-making obscures the course of the speedway, especially on the southern section, between Macomb's Dam Bridge and High Bridge, where work is now in active progress. A better general notion can be obtained from the opposite or Westchester shore. A drive from Washington Bridge down Sedgwick Avenue enables one to get a very good general notion of what is and what is to be. Nobody who takes this means of surveying the speedway can possibly doubt that Commissioner Dana was in the right in contending, against all his colleagues, that a sidewalk should be built on the outer or river side of the driveway. Indeed, such a view makes it evident that to construct the driveway so as to debar the public for its whole length, or for any considerable part of it, from access to the river shore, one of the most romantic and attractive stretches of water-front on or near Manhattan Island, would be a public outrage of considerable magnitude. The public had settled the question, as was commonly supposed, when it procured the passage of a law requiring the building of a sidewalk on the river side. It is a pity to have to go to Albany about such details of municipal housekeeping, but it is a greater pity to have a Park Board that defies a well-settled public opinion and forces the public to go to the Legislature for its rights. But at this last session a bill was introduced repealing this proper and necessary provision, and the Park Board, discounting the passage of the bill, proceeded to put the work into execution in violation of the law. It was at this point that the City Club entitled itself to the public gratitude by intervening, and procuring an injunction against the lawless procedure. It is difficult to see how there can be two opinions upon the impropriety of the action thus prevented. At any rate, there cannot be two opinions upon the necessity of making the Park Commissioners obey the law. A visit to the speedway is calculated to excite wonder that citizens capable of so thwarting the interests and wishes of the public in a public park should be permitted to remain in office as Park Commissioners.

THE TROUT BROOK.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The airs that blew from the brink of day
Were fresh and wet with the breath of May.
I heard the babble of brown brooks falling,
And goldenwings in the woodside calling.

Big drops hung from the sparkling eaves;
And through the screen of the thin young leaves
A glint of ripples, a whirl of foam,
Lured and beckoned me out from home.

My feet grew eager, my eyes grew wide,
And I was off by the brown brook's side.
Down in the swamp-bottom, cool and dim,
I cut me an alder sapling slim.

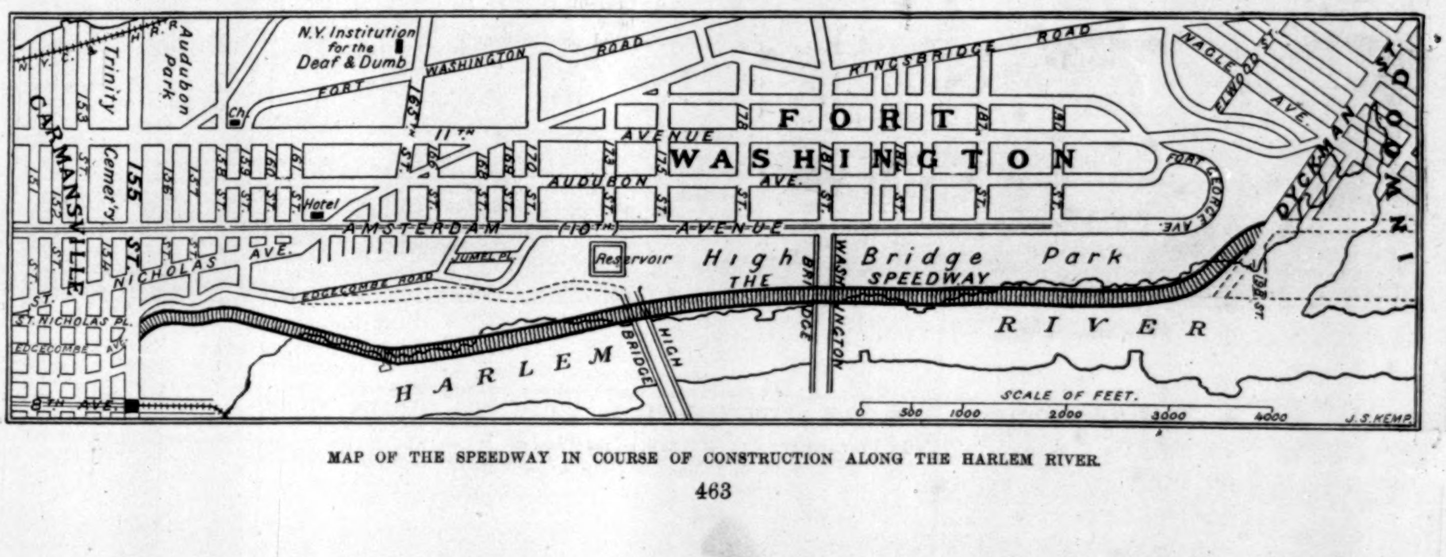
With nimble fingers I tied my line,
Clear as a sunbeam, strong and fine.
My fly was a tiny glittering thing,
With tinselled body and partridge wing.

With noiseless steps I threaded the wood,
Glad of the sun-pierced solitude.
Chattered the kingfisher, fierce and shy,
As like a shadow I drifted by.

Lurked in their watery lairs the trout,
But, silver and scarlet, I lured them out.
Wary were they, but warier still
My cunning wrist and my cast of skill.

I whipped the red pools under the beeches;
I whipped the yellow and dancing reaches.
The purple eddy, smooth like oil,
And the tail of the rapid yielded spoil.

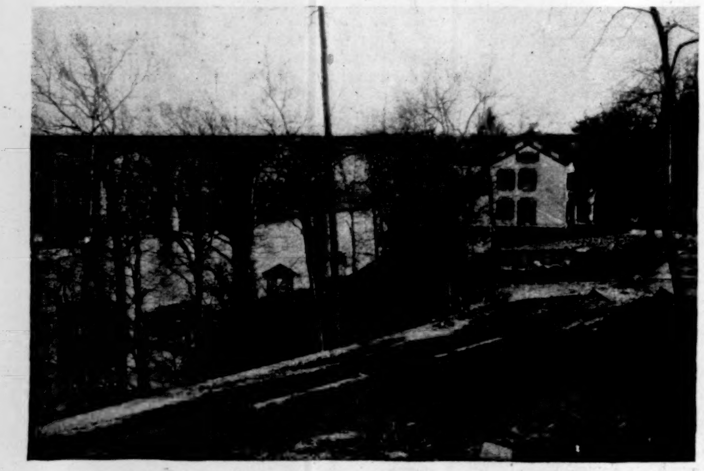
So all day long till the day was done
I followed the stream, I followed the sun.
Then homeward over the ridge I went,
The wandering heart of me well content.



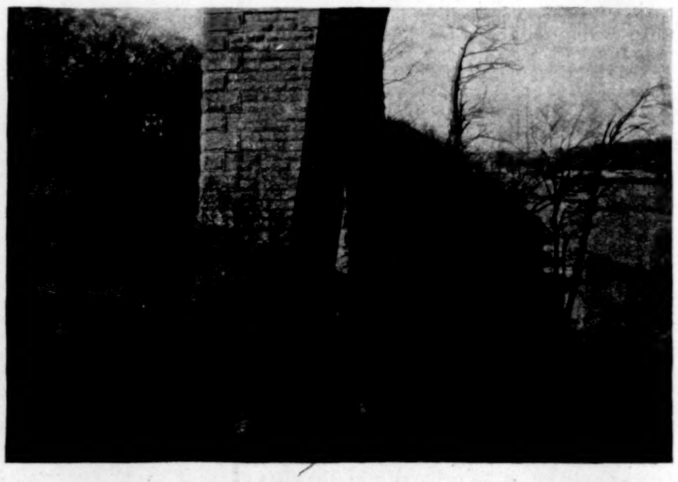
MAP OF THE SPEEDWAY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ALONG THE HARLEM RIVER.

AT 155TH STREET—ENTRANCE TO THE SPEEDWAY.

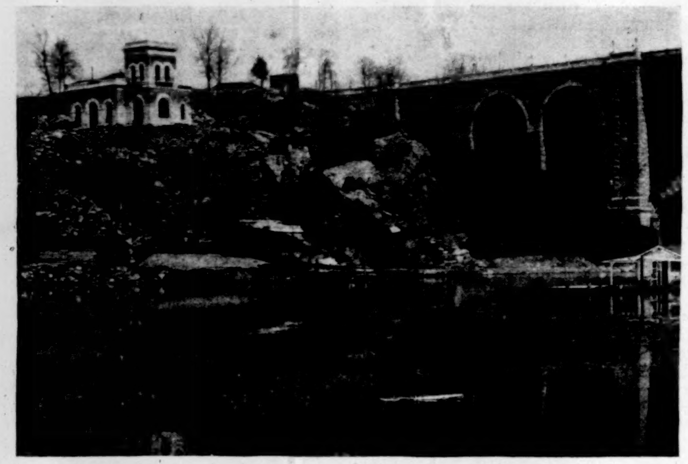
RETAINING WALL NEAR 155TH STREET.



HOUSE IN THE RIGHT OF WAY, SOON TO BE TORN DOWN.



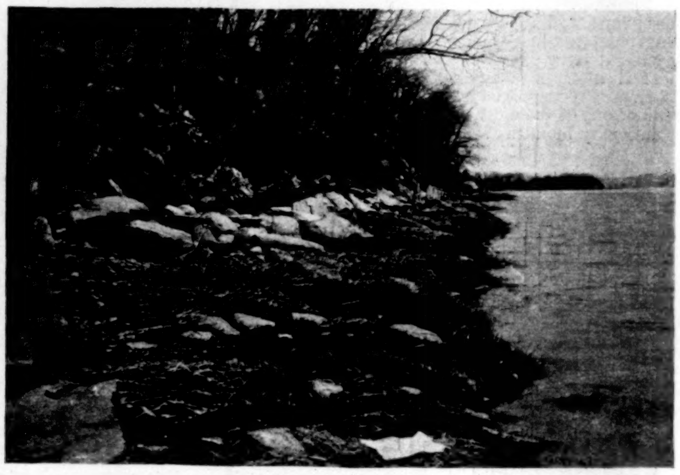
FOOT OF WASHINGTON BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH.



AT 181ST STREET—WASHINGTON BRIDGE, FROM THE HARLEM RIVER.

BETWEEN 184TH AND 185TH STREETS.

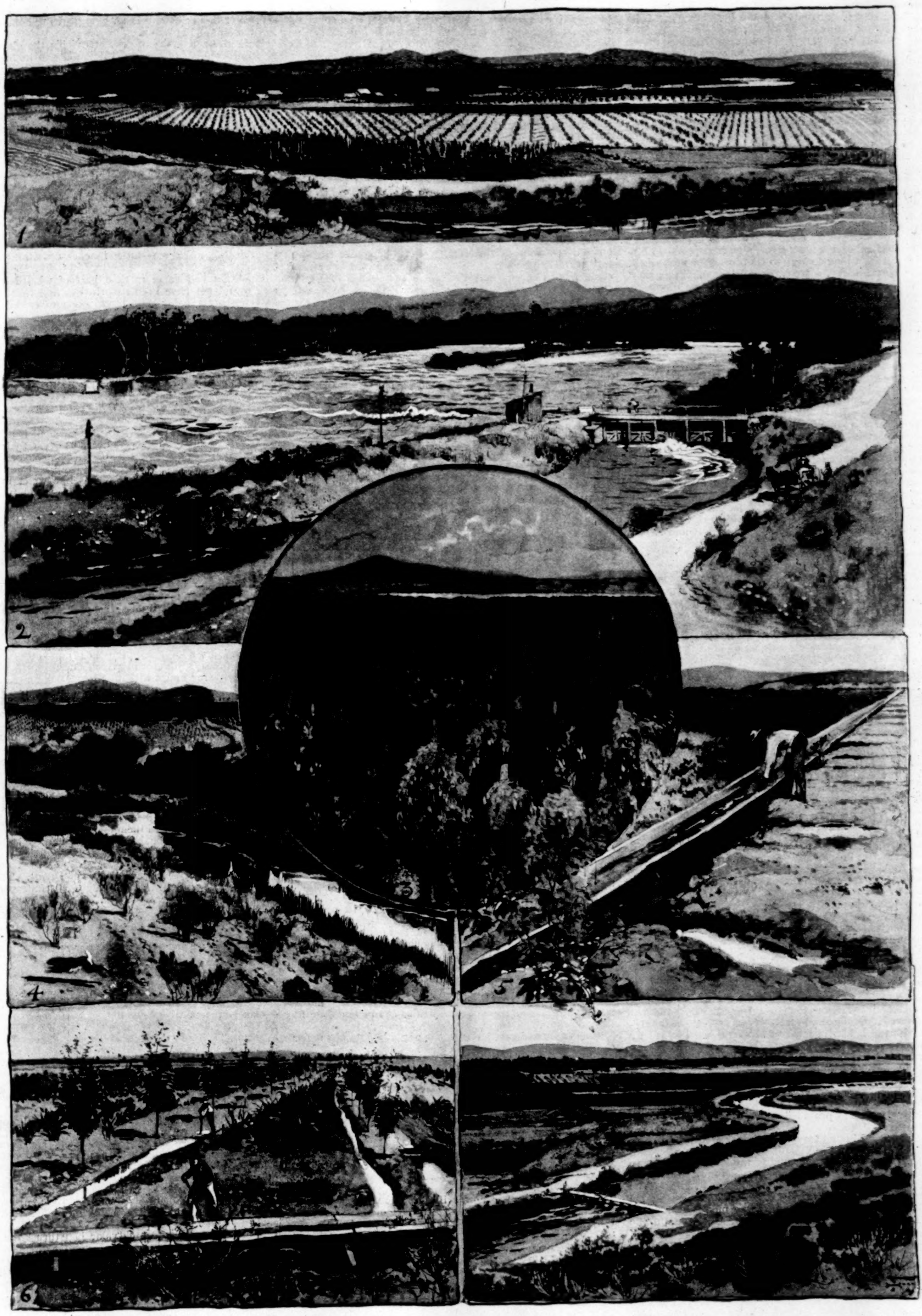
NEAR 185TH STREET.



AT 187TH STREET.

ON THE ROUTE OF THE NEW SPEEDWAY—VIEWS ALONG THE HARLEM RIVER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MULLER.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



THE WATER MIRACLE OF YAKIMA, EASTERN WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 466.]

1. The "Wilcox Place," near the Sunnyside Canal. 2. Head-Gate of the Sunnyside Canal. 3. A Forest of Hops. 4. The Edge of the Sage-brush Desert. 5. Irrigating an Alfalfa-Field. 6. A Prune Orchard. 7. General View of the Sunnyside Canal.

EASTERN WASHINGTON AND THE WATER MIRACLE OF YAKIMA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

PREVIOUS to entering the State of Washington, the traveller journeying Westward over the Northern Pacific in the summer-time, becomes so weary of dust and alkali, suffocating heat, scorching winds, and the blinding glare from ever-lengthening miles of sand and sage-brush, that he mentally, if not audibly, reviles the parched aridity of the land, and declares the term "Great American Desert," once applied to the entire region bounded by the Rockies and the Sierras, to be the only one that fully describes the country. Alternated with his fretful complainings is a longing to reach the Washington boundary and cross the line, that he fancies must be one of the sharpest demarcation, separating Idaho from the "Evergreen State." By the magic of that name he conjures up the things he most ardently desires—the shade of cool forests, the music of snow-fed streams bordered by green meadows, vast areas rich in agricultural products, a forgetfulness of sage-brush, and, above all, an atmosphere that shall no longer consist of nine parts dust to one of air. His patience is wellnigh exhausted ere the Cœur d'Alene is left behind, the boundary passed, and, half an hour later, his train halts at Spokane, the metropolis of eastern Washington.

If he is wise our dusty traveller will curb his impatience to penetrate further into the "Evergreen State," and will remain here at least long enough to rid himself of Idaho dust. He may spend a day, a week, or a lifetime in this most marvellous of magic cities, and in any case be amply rewarded for so doing. My first visit to Spokane entailed a tedious journey of nearly eight hundred miles, undertaken especially for the purpose of seeing the city, and was limited to two hours. Even in that brief space I was well repaid for my trouble by what I saw and learned, and would at any time endure another trip of discomfort for the sake of visiting a community that would show development and promise equal to those of Spokane. The first settlement was made, beside the rushing stream that bisects the city and represents the power of 3200 horses, in 1872. Ten years later only 400 people had gathered on the site of the future metropolis. In 1890 it had a population of 20,000 souls, and since then the increase has been at the rate of 5000 per year. In 1889 Spokane passed through the inevitable ordeal of fire that seems essential to the healthful development of all youthful cities, and from the hour that buildings covering sixty acres of ground vanished in smoke and flame the town dates its most rapid growth and greatest prosperity. The public buildings of Spokane are substantial monuments of architectural beauty, while some of the residences on Seventh and Eighth avenues are fac-similes of Newport and Lenox cottages.

The smoke nuisance is unknown in Spokane, coal and steam being superseded by water-power and electricity. Electric cars and motors abound, while electric light is used with a prodigality that bespeaks its cheapness. The power that furnishes these things can never be exhausted, and is susceptible of a material increase whenever this shall be deemed desirable. With electricity thus willing to supply a motor power for its entire system of vehicular transportation, there is no place where the experiment of illuminating the houses from the street might better be tried than in Spokane. In this trebly favored city, that is at once an agricultural, a mining, and a manufacturing centre, with all the latest adjuncts of civilization, and yet so young that blanketed and moccasined Indians may still be seen in its streets, the traveller from the East must be indeed captious and hard to please if he does not find his anticipations of the Northwest State more than realized.

For dust, glare, heat, and dreary monotony of scenery, a midsummer ride through that section of eastern Washington traversed by the Northern Pacific is unsurpassed on any other portion of the Great American Desert. It is claimed nowadays that we should no longer speak of the vast territory extending from the Gulf of California to the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude as a desert, since its soil has been found to contain all the elements of fertility. Nevertheless, it is a desert, and a mighty mean one to cross at any time, and it always will be a desert except in such sections as can be irrigated. The Desert of Sahara contains oases, and its sands produce amazing crops whenever water is applied to them; but no one hesitates to call Sahara a desert. That we have banished our own great desert from our geographies is owing to that apologetic, not to say dishonest, desire so sadly prevalent among Americans of trying to make things seem other than they really are by the application of misleading titles.

We rarely call a spade a spade, for fear of hurting the spade's feelings. Our farmers are metamorphosed into well-known, or successful, or prominent agriculturists, just as our shopkeepers are dubbed merchants, our apothecaries doctors, and our school-teachers professors. Every politician becomes an Honorable, and all titles are brevetted to correspond with the holder's supposed aspirations. The sturdy Saxon words man and woman are nearly lost to our vocabulary, and now we are trying to deceive the world in regard to our physical geography by disclaiming ownership in desert lands, coining a word to fit the impression we wish to convey concerning them, and calling them "irrigable" farming-lands. As if the most hopeless deserts in the world were not "irrigable" provided a sufficiency of water could be obtained!

Our Westward-bound traveller, whose very anticipations of the "Evergreen State," confirmed at Spokane, are being widely dispelled by his surroundings, does not hesitate to call the parched wastes, stretching away as far as he can see on either side of him, desert lands. Not only that, but he imagines them to be so utterly worthless and unclaimable that he wonders what earthly use white men have for that country anyway. He catches no glimpse of the prolific wheat-fields of the Palouse region, just south of the railroad, in which the average yield, under a natural water supply, is thirty bushels to the acre. Nor does he see anything of the equally fertile Big Bend wheat lands that lie to the north; for, with the usual perversity of railroads, the Northern Pacific has here chosen to traverse the most unattractive section of the State. To one who in August scans its scorched and arid leagues it is past belief that rain shall ever visit them, while the statement that the greatest losses known to its farmers are caused by floods would be received with scoffing incredulity. It is nevertheless true that eastern Washington suffered a loss of between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, that were awaiting transportation, from the prolonged rains that flooded this very section of the country toward the close of 1893.

There is no thought nor hope of rain during the summer, however, and our traveller, fretting under manifold discomforts, cannot find words strong enough to express his disgust and disappointment. Even an approach to the majestic Columbia brings no relief, for its low banks are verdureless to the water's edge. After it has been crossed and left behind there is no apparent change for the better in the succeeding hundred miles. To be sure, there is another river to be seen after a while, and the dust-enveloped train seems to be following its course; but the glare and heat are unabated, while on both sides the sage-brush still flaunts its ashen-hued mockery of foliage. Under these conditions it is so irritating to hear some fellow-sufferer declare this valley of the Yakima to be one of the most fertile sections of the State, and the surrounding wastes to be the coming hop-yard of the world, that one is moved to make retort and deride a proposition of such manifest absurdity.

That is what I did toward the close of an intensely hot and wearisome day of last August, and when I was finally persuaded to stop off at North Yakima, to see for myself, it was rather with a view to confounding this particular bit of braggadocio by its own testimony than with the hope of being shown anything worthy of attention.

The 'bus ride from station to hotel revealed nothing of special interest, except that the street was very wide, and that its dust had been thoroughly laid by a copious watering; but on leaving the vehicle I must confess to a feeling of amazement at my surroundings. Barren hills and sage-brush were still to be seen on the outskirts of the little city, but only by glimpses through a grateful screen of rustling foliage. The ripple of running waters was in the air, and it came from clear streams that lined both sides of every street between roadway and sidewalk. The same streets were filled with shade, from end to end, for though the city is very young, the growth of its shade trees, whose roots have never known thirst, has been rapid beyond belief. This pleasant bordering of the thoroughfares is completed by bands of verdant sward. Every house in town stands by itself, embowered by fruit trees, in yards green with grass or gay with a riotous growth of roses. Every street rivulet is a miniature irrigating canal, from which a little lateral reaches to each garden or door-yard, and every householder may use as much water as he pleases. In addition to this system of irrigation, that is as widespread as the city itself, there is a distinct high-pressure water service for fire purposes and domestic use.

While the North Yakima of to-day, containing a population of 4000 souls, is thus a place of abundant waters, grass, trees, flowers, and pleasant houses, only eight years have elapsed since its site was as barren a bit of sage-brush desert as existed in eastern Washington. The region of which it formed a part was a poor grazing country, in which often more cattle were starved to death than grew fat, and for agricultural purposes it was considered worthless. Its lands could hardly be given away, and few persons were found so poor as to be willing to accept them. The valley of the Yakima was considered to be cursed by the hottest of suns, the bluest of skies, and a drought rarely broken between April and November. In 1885 the Northern Pacific dragged its dusty length through this despised desert, and a station was established at North Yakima. About the railroad tanks, the scattered dwellings, or wherever there was water, seeds dropped by chance, or planted with faint hopes that they would germinate, sprang up with the vigor and rapidity of Jack's beanstalk. Thus did the land of the Yakima seize every opportunity for redeeming its name from the universal obloquy attached to it. Very soon chemists began to analyze the powdery soil, and found it to be a volcanic deposit containing every element of fertility. Artesian wells were sunk into it and through it. Some of them yielded water, while others did not; but all showed the soil to be of inexhaustible depth, ranging from 20 to 100 feet, and irrigation was declared to be the thing needful to transforming the Yakima Valley from a desert into one of the garden spots of the earth. There was slender capital available for such a purpose; but with such as could be secured irrigation was undertaken, at first by means of water-wheels established on the river-banks and discharging into pipes or rude troughs that led to the narrow fields. Then came such short canals as small companies of the interested land-owners could afford to dig and maintain. Finally, and so recently that it is not yet finished, came the great artificial waterway known as the Sunnyside Canal, one of the most extensive irrigating propositions in the West. This canal, which has its head-gates a few miles below the city, on the east bank of the Yakima, from which it takes its water, is two miles long, 60 feet wide on top and 32 at the bottom, is eight feet deep, and carries 700 cubic feet of water per second. At the close of the irrigating season of 1893, 48 miles of the main canal, 14 miles of the branch canals, and over 200 miles of the laterals were in active operation. This single enterprise will convert, or rather is converting, as is testified by the illustrations accompanying this article, about 75,000 acres of absolutely barren and unproductive desert into as valuable an agricultural area as can be found in the United States.

Such of these desert lands as can never be brought under the influence of water are worthless. Those classed as "irrigable," because they come within the scope of proposed canals, are hired at about five dollars per acre. Lands already within reach of the life-giving waters, and which need but the opening of a floodgate to render them incredibly prolific, are sold at from $40 to as high as $150 per acre, the average price being $65. The canal company offers such lands on easy terms, only one-fifth of the purchase-money being required to bind the bargain, while the remaining four-fifths may be paid in instalments at the end of as many successive years. In addition to the purchase-money, all land "under the canal" is taxed with an annual maintenance fee of one dollar per acre.

Twenty dollars per acre will clear the land of sage-brush, its only wild growth, and provide it with irrigating ditches, when it is at once ready for cultivation, and will begin to yield an income within two months if planted in vegetables or alfalfa. If set out with hop-vines, these will yield 1000 pounds to the acre at the end of the first season, and 1800 to 2000 the second year, and after that from 2000 to 2400, which readily bring from 18 to 22 cents per pound, while the entire cost of raising a crop, including picking, drying, and baling, together with interest on the price of the land, rarely exceeds 10 cents per pound. With irrigation an accomplished fact, the very heat, the unbroken droughts, and cloudless skies that prevail east of the Cascade Mountains, and once combined to make the desert a desert, have become most potent agents of prosperity. Owing to them forage crops may be cured at any time in the open air with absolute certainty. Grain knows neither blight, rust, nor mildew. Melons and small fruits attain a luscious maturity rivalling that of California. Peach-trees are laden with perfect sun-kissed fruit at the end of their second year. Prunes come into bearing in three years, apples and pears in from three to five years, and grapes at the end of a single season. The growth of alfalfa, the great forage crop of the West, is so rapid under the favoring conditions of rich soil, abundant water, and steady heat, that five crops of from one and a half to two tons per acre may be cut from the same piece of land during a six months' season. For this hay there is an ever-growing home demand at from $8 to $10 per ton.

With all its diversity of generous yields, the glory of this reclaimed section of the great desert lies in its hops. Nowhere else, save in the Sonoma district of California, are hops grown to such size and perfection. Not only does the Yakima product enjoy all the advantages of soil and moisture possessed by its kin of the Puyallup Valley across the mountains, but to it the ravaging hop-louse is a stranger. Steady dry heat, undimmed sunshine, are fatal to the existence of this pest, and thus what was once regarded as the curse of the Yakima Valley is now known to be one of its greatest blessings. So eminently suited is this region to the perfect growing of hops, and so rapidly is the average of vines increasing, that, in spite of the very recent introduction of the crop, Yakima can already boast of the largest single hop-yard in the world. It contains 600 acres of vines, and exceeds the next in size, which is to be found in Alameda County, California, by 250 acres, and the third largest, which is in the great Susqualince ranch, not far from Seattle, 260 acres—these ranches containing 350 and 340 acres respectively.

I did not believe more than half of what I was told, and would not have been surprised to find that even that half was stretched. Still, I was open to conviction, and so, on the following morning, after being provided with a voluminous dust-coat, which is as indispensable during the summer of that region as is an overcoat in winter, I was taken on a comprehensive tour of the surrounding country. The moment we left the watered streets of the town the dust-clouds of our own raising became gigantic and overwhelming. Irrigation is kind to the Yakima country, but it has never undertaken to rule the highways, in which dust, choking, penetrating, and suffocating, reigns triumphant.

The wearing of a particular outer garment is a farce, for the Yakima dust not only penetrates its every fold, but sifts through it at will. The impalpable chocolate-colored powder of the roadway was about six inches deep, and was lifted by and poured from the wagon-spokes like water by a mill-wheel. The fresh morning breeze whirled it aloft in such a manner that our enveloping cloud would have proved an ample guide by day for the children of Israel. While the vehicle was in motion it was seldom that we on its seat could catch a glimpse of our horses' heads. Not being an agriculturist gone daft over the glories of Yakima, I said unpleasant things about the dust as often as I dared open my mouth, but my companion, who owned an immensely profitable hop ranch in that vicinity, only noticed it by remarking, "How's that for soil?"

Everything was all right—whenever we halted, and gave the dust-clouds a chance to settle or slowly drive away, when, as by the uplifting of a curtain, were disclosed broad fields of alfalfa, in which sleek cattle stood knee-deep, and areas of golden-crowned hop-vines, tall, thick-set, and forming jungles in which one might become lost and wander for hours without discovering an exit. Vineyards of a lusty growth, not higher than a man's knee, but heavily laden with ripening fruit, stretched away in parallel rows until merged by perspective into solid beds of green. Thrifty orchards of young trees shaded pleasant cottage houses, very humble in most cases, but surrounded by unmistakable evidences of comfort and plenty.

Many of the field boundaries and roadways were marked by lines of cottonwood, poplar, or other quick-growing shade trees. Birds sang and flowers bloomed on all sides. Everywhere were the ripple and glimmer of water. The road-side canals and lateral ditches were brimming full, and it gurgled merrily through little floodgates, giving access to the green fields wherever it found them open.

Save for the occasional intrusion of narrow belts of unwatered sand and melancholy sage, it would have been beyond belief that this smiling landscape could ever have formed a part of the Great American Desert. These evidences were, however, irrefutable, and in contrasting them with their environment one could not but marvel at the miracle thus attested.

OLD-TIME PLEASURE-GARDENS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

EVEN in the serene period of the Dutch domination of this island, its inhabitants were wont to betake themselves—in a gentle and semi-somnolent fashion—to rural joys. At the very first, while savages still roved the region north of where Trinity now stands, and were liable to take scalps, if occasion offered, in the wild woodland where now is the City Hall Park, the Dutchmen of Manhattoes discreetly smoked their pipes and drank their schnapps close under the shelter of the guns of the Fort—that brave structure which defied mankind in general, and never was carried by assault save by escalading squadrons of pigs and cows in quest of grass. And 'twas a lesson in peaceful happiness to behold the founders of this city sitting with a broad firmness—as became their great natures and the nether configuration of their substantial bodies—on the benches in the garden behind Martin Krieger's tavern on the Bowling Green, or in front of Aunt Metje Wessel's tavern on the Perel Straat, calmly enjoying the beauties of nature in the early evening freshness of those summer days whereon the sun went down slowly, as though loath to lose sight of them, more than two centuries and a half ago.

A little later, when Dutch valor had thrust the savages back into the remote wilderness beyond Harlem, that longing for rural pleasures which ever since has characterized the innocent inhabitants of this town fully declared itself; and to satisfy it Wolfert Webber built his tavern in the midst of a fair garden near the then famous Tea-water Spring and close to where now is Chatham Square. Tea-water, as such, was not in any great request at this suburban resort; but of warm afternoons the potential tea-water was abundantly useful—coming cool from the spring in great jugs of Delft utterance—for the compounding of beverages of a sturdier sort better fitted for the refreshment of a race engaged in conquering standing-room in a savage land. And with these liquid pleasures were to be had also—at the hands of the skilled Vrouw Webber—all manner of toothsome cakes and pies. Moreover, in a grave and seemly fashion—such exercise used judiciously being an agreeable stimulant to both thirst and hunger—the placid revellers who here assembled were wont to play at bowls.

In truth, it was a bit got adrift out of Arcady, this tree-bowered tavern of Wolfert Webber's: whence, in addition to all the happiness there was immediately about it, there was wafted far away towards Harlem, when the soft south winds of summer were a-blowing, such an aromatic and delicious odor of Holland spirits as was fit to bring tears of longing into the eyes of every wayfarer home-coming down the Bowery Road. And when the Kissing Bridge was built, across the rill running from the Tea-water Spring, what with the promise held out by Wolfert's jolly thick-set Dutch black bottles and by the toll that lawfully could be taken at the bridge from the jolly thick-set Dutch fair maidens on the way homeward in the dusk, there was not on the whole continent of North America a pleasure-place more justly or more generously esteemed.

But the Kissing Bridge, which came into existence about the time that the seventeenth century was laid to rest and became a back number in the files of Time, was an institution begotten of the new English race which forcibly assumed possession of this island and made New Amsterdam over into New York, in the year 1664. Because of this same change of owners and of names, and about the time of the creation of the Kissing Bridge (to which institution, in despite of its foreign genesis, the Dutch took most kindly), there came into existence also a rival English pleasure-garden that must have been a grievous thorn in Wolfert Webber's fat Dutch side.

The rival establishment, of which the proprietor was a loose fish named Richard Sacket, was over near the East River, just north of where now is Franklin Square. It was known as the Cherry Garden—because of the cherry orchard which was one of its chief attractions—and the lane that ran beside it still exists and still preserves its memory, in the grimy Cherry Street of the present day. There was a bowling-green in the garden, together with "other means of diversion," declare the chronicles; but what these other means of diversion were, the chroniclers—following the annoying example of reticence set by Herodotus—do not tell. However, without regard to their respective attractions, the mere fact that one of these gardens was Dutch and that the other was English was quite enough to break up the New York pleasure-seekers of that period into rival camps. And so—until another generation was grown and the bitterness of foreign conquest was a little forgotten—there was Dutch merrymaking and patriotism on a basis of schnapps at Wolfert Webber's, while at Richard Sacket's the dominant English were gay in their own language, and drank toasts to Queen Anne and to the first of the Georges in their favorite West India rum.

Possibly because of the succession of the House of Hanover, certainly at about that period, and from that period onward, the garden habit of New-Yorkers, already well fixed, became very much intensified. In the early years of the eighteenth century another rival to Wolfert Webber established himself almost directly over that worthy man's nose—that is to say, on the top of the near-by Catimut's Hill; down on Crown Street (the Liberty Street of the present day) was Barberrie's Garden; over near the shore of the North River (as may be seen on Lyne's map of 1729) was the Bowling Green Garden, which a little later was renamed Vauxhall; in this same vicinity, about the year 1750, Ranelagh was evolved from the homestead of Colonel Rutgers; Brannan's Garden was established out on the Greenwich Road, to the northward of Lispenard's Meadows, about the year 1765; before the end of the century Byram's Garden—subsequently known as Corri's, and as the Mount Vernon Garden—adorned the hill-top above where now is the crossing of Leonard Street and Broadway; to this same neighborhood Contoit's New York Garden was transferred (from opposite to the City Hall Park) about the year 1809, and there continued its vivacious existence for a term of forty years: during which period Castle Garden (a garden only by courtesy, being actually a stone fort surrounded by water) ran through nearly the whole of its brilliant career; while Niblo's, in the year 1828, began the life as a garden that as a theatre continues even until this present day. Keeping together the whole of this long chain—whereof many links have not been named—was the Atlantic Garden, as it was called in its latter days, at the lower end of Broadway, a place of entertainment that began life as the garden of the old tavern known successively as Krieger's, Burns's Coffee-House, and the King's Arms, and that maintained its easy-going and genial existence from a time only a little later than the founding of New Amsterdam until less than five-and-thirty years ago.

Excepting only Castle Garden—the great glory of which as a place of amusement has been unfairly dimmed by its degenerate squalor in later times as an immigrant dépôt—the most brilliant of all of these technically rural resorts was Vauxhall, whereof the record, though relating to different sites and to many different managements, practically is continuous for considerably more than one hundred years.

The beginning of this pleasuring-place, as I have written above, was very early in the eighteenth century, and under the name of the Bowling Green. At that time it was far away in the country, being a leasehold on the Church Farm; while still in its prime the city grew out to it; and in its last days this once fashionable resort, its garden sold off in building lots, was sunk to the level of a low groggery (standing at the corner of Warren and Greenwich streets) in what then was the shabbiest part of the town. However, before this dismal destiny overtook the primitive Vauxhall, its respectable name seems to have been transferred to a Vauxhall which Mr. Valentine affirms was established by one Delacroix in the year 1798 on Bayard's Mount, in the old Bayard homestead; and thence was shifted, five or six years later, to the ultimate Vauxhall: which had the good fortune not only to lead a respectable life, but to pass out of existence in a genteel obscurity with no blot upon its name.

This last Vauxhall Garden—which for half a century had been a real garden wherein Jacob Sperry, a Swiss, grew flowers and fruit for the New York market—became a pleasure-garden in the year 1803, when Sperry, waxing old in his gentle calling, sold the property to Mr. Astor, and when Mr. Astor leased it for one-and-twenty years (according to Valentine) "to a Frenchman named Delacroix, formerly a keeper of the Vauxhall on the old Bayard estate," who turned the greenhouse into "a handsome saloon," and transferred to the establishment his own capable management and the long-popular name.

The venture was rather a daring one, for the garden was more than a mile out of town on the Bowery Road; that is to say, was just south of what now is Astor Place and what then was beginning to be called Art Street, though still currently known as Monument Lane. However, it became immediately a fashionable resort; and when, a little later, the theatre was built, and the garden—already "provided with summer-houses for the accommodation of company"—was "adorned with busts and statues," all the town flocked to it, and its prosperity was assured for a long term of years.

Certain sprightly friends of mine, at least two decades younger than the present century, remember well this gallant garden in its later days; and they protest that what with its dazzle of lamps in the arbors and shrubbery, and its fireworks and fire-balloons, and its music, and the performances of that killing comedian Twaits in such dashing bits as *The Agreeable Surprise*—to say nothing of the palate-tickling things to eat and to drink which there abounded—'twas as gay a place of recreation as was to be found at that period of an evening anywhere in the civilized world.

These young ancients—who are by no means too old to go for a frolicsome evening to El Dorado, yet who remember so freshly this other pleasure-garden that to the present generation is buried figuratively beneath the sands of time, and literally beneath the brownstone walls of the Astor Library—bring us very close to our point of departure: and so emphasize the continuity of our rural pleasure-places from the placid Dutch period even until the present day. For this garden, which they vividly remember, had its beginning while Wolfert Webber's and Richard Sacket's gardens still flourished, and while Dutch schnapps and the more subtle spirit of Dutch patriotism still held out bravely against English aggression and English rum.

A TRIUMPH OF MODERN ENGINEERING.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

Caracas, Venezuela.

In the very heart of the rugged Venezuelan Andes, after six years of dogged perseverance, modern engineering has triumphed over barriers that once seemed insurmountable, and the great city of Caracas is at last united to Valencia and the sea. Though this railroad structure, for such it really is—being built in many places of solid masonry, surmounted by immense masses of iron and steel—will ever live as one of the greatest monuments of German enterprise, it will have a more potent influence upon the picturesque and fertile country through which it passes.

The "Gran Ferrocarril de Venezuela" is destined to make history for the "land of Bolivar," for with its advent an era of peace and tranquillity has dawned upon this fair republic. The world knows no greater civilizer than the railroad and the telegraph, and with a proper distribution of these factors no rebellion can ever gain a foothold. For years it has been an undisputed fact in Venezuela that no revolution born outside the state of Carabobo was ever feared by the existing government. The explanation is simple. Carabobo is a state far distant from the capital, and after the news of an uprising had reached Caracas it was a question of several months before the government could transport troops across the Andes to give battle to the rebels. This allowed the latter plenty of time to "give the cry for liberty," and gather around their standard sufficient men and arms to fight the government.

By the new railroad, however, the President can despatch ten thousand men to the seat of trouble within a few hours. Revolution being the single curse that keeps back these countries, favored with a soil that yields three crops a year, and a mineral wealth that one must see to believe, General Crespo is to be congratulated upon the completion of this great work that will so materially aid him in giving to Venezuela the place that she merits among the nations of the world. No less a personage than the Emperor of Germany himself was the first to congratulate Caracas in possessing direct communication with two such outlets on the Caribbean as La Guaira and Puerto Cabello.

Away back in the time of Guzman Blanco, Herr Krupp, the great German gun-builder, was granted a concession to construct a railroad connecting Caracas and Valencia. The privilege was considered a very valuable one, for that region was regarded as the richest agricultural district in all Venezuela. Coffee, sugar, and cacao estates lay along the line of the proposed road, and when Guzman's colonization dream would be realized, and all the unproductive but fertile soil made to yield an abundant harvest, Venezuela, it was thought, would indeed become the land of Arcadia. Herr Krupp's vast industry kept him in Germany, but Herr Miller took hold of the concession, and undertook the difficult but all-important task of raising the capital. This was furnished entirely by two German banks, and the company became known as the "Grosse Venezuelan Eisenbahn" of Hamburg and Berlin.

So thoroughly did the Venezuelan government appreciate the advantages that would accrue to it and the country by the completion of this road that a guarantee of seven-per-cent. interest was promised on a cost of $125,000 per mile in the mountain district between Caracas and Cagua, and $110,000 from there to Valencia. Though this guarantee may seem like a liberal one, so difficult was the work of construction and so solidly has the road been built that in the Bigonia section, by far the most difficult of the entire line, many miles cost in the neighborhood of $500,000 each. The work here is stupendous, almost bewildering in its array of tunnels, bridges, viaducts, and waterways; and I was proud to learn that the contractor for this entire section was an American, Mr. Louis Frost, of New Orleans. Not only did this distinguished engineer complete his work to the entire satisfaction of the company, but also with a handsome profit to himself.

Six years, to the very day, after the inauguration of the work, the last rail was laid, General Crespo's wife herself placing in position the last bolt that completed the junction. This took place in the presence of all the prominent officials of Venezuela, and Messrs. C. Plock, Th. Dieterich, and L. Schiricke, the resident directors, at a point between La Victoria and Valencia. Journeying along the line of the road, I observed that not a single piece of wood had been used in construction. In conversation with General-Manager Plock, I learned that the native wood was so hard that it turned the edges of the tools when an attempt was made to cut it. At the beginning of the work the company advertised, asking bids for wooden sleepers. Five Venezuelan firms responded. "They were all accepted at their own offers," said Mr. Plock to me, "and how many sleepers do you think were supplied the first year? Not a single one. We then decided to use wrought iron, and had them manufactured in Germany. Of course they were more expensive than native wood, but then their life is so much longer that in the end they will prove to be economical."

During the last revolution neither side injured the road in any way, but work had to be suspended, owing to lack of men, every able-bodied man having been either drafted into the government service or volunteered to fight under the standard of Crespo.

The new road covers 113.6 miles, but as the crow flies the distance between Caracas and Valencia is less than one-half of this. The total cost will be something in the neighborhood of 80,000,000 bolivares ($20,000,000). In order to maintain a grade of two per cent. it was often necessary to cover five miles to make one. The great cable that spanned a chasm in the Bigonia section was a tangible evidence of the difficulty of construction. Here a great tunnel was to be built, and the mountain had to be attacked on both sides. It was impossible to transport men or material from the westward, and so a cable was shot across the gaping abyss, over which men and supplies were transferred daily. One day it parted, and three workmen were hurled into the depths below.

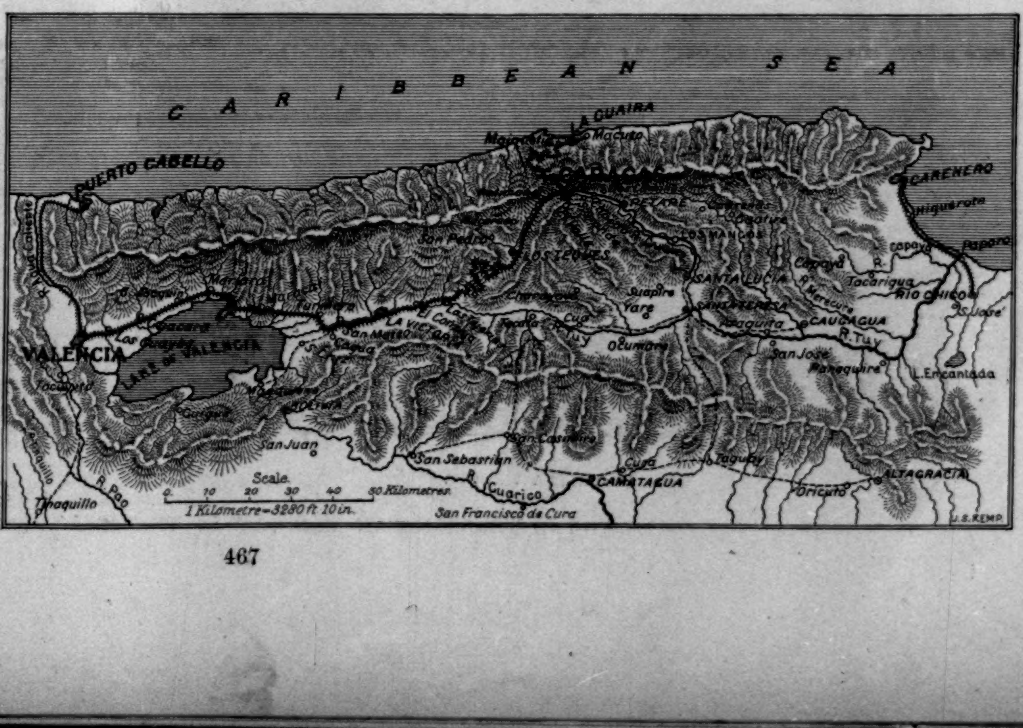
From Caracas the line makes a gradual ascent towards Los Teques, where the summit is reached 4021 feet above the level of the sea. At this point is also the longest tunnel—900 feet. From this summit, or divide, the line descends gradually on a grade less than two per cent. to the valley of the Rio Tuy by many windings. At Las Tejerias the open valley is reached. From La Victoria to Valencia the road is through a succession of valleys, and presents no special engineering difficulties. Experienced railroad men declare that no line in the world—not even the Meiggs road across the Andes in Peru—is as solidly and carefully built as this. The bed is of rock, and the entire road is ballasted with gravel and coarse river sand. Between La Victoria and Caracas there are eighty-six tunnels and two hundred bridges and viaducts. The gauge is a narrow one—3.5 feet—and the engines are of German construction, weighing thirty-five tons each. The cars are very comfortable, and are built on the American plan.

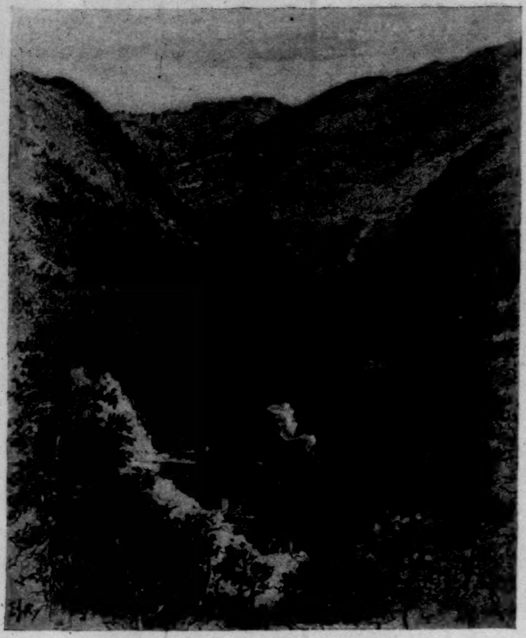
And the picturesque side of this great railroad, that spans a thousand peaks of the mighty Andes, how shall I describe it? Ever and anon there burst upon the vision scenes that even the pen of Théophile could never picture. To the European traveller portions of the line recall scenes along the Austrian Tyrol; to the American, the great Mexican railroad between Orizaba and Boca del Monte.

Imagine yourself in the centre of a vast sea of glittering peaks, each cut into some fantastic form, and rising one above the other, until the last seems to touch the clear tropic sky above, while the setting sun, striking them at different angles, reflects every color of the solar spectrum. There where dreamy Victoria basks in the golden sunshine you see a giant head surmounted by a crown of brilliants. A little to the northward another peak resembles one of the great guns used by the Spaniards during the conquest. From the old-fashioned muzzle a cloud of smoke seems to roll away over sapphire and opal mountain-tops.

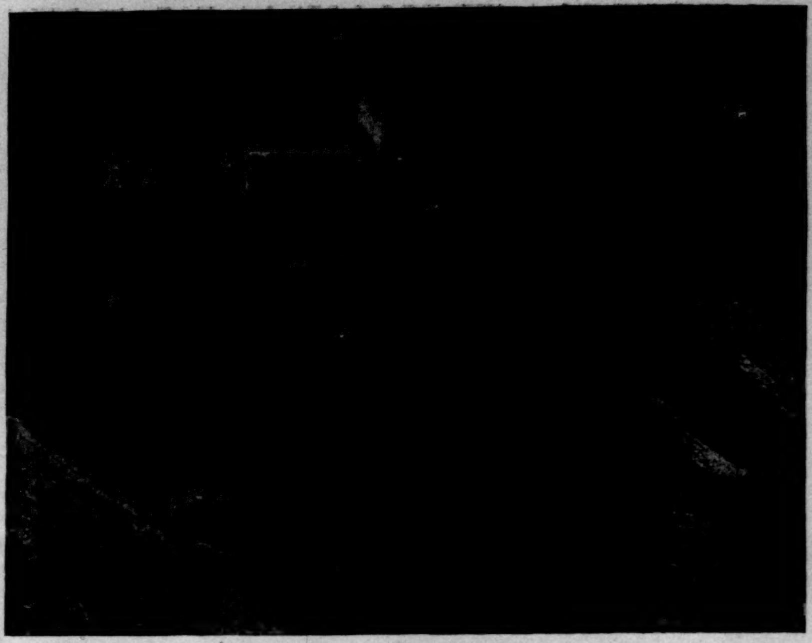
Now you are skimming along the edge of a precipice, down which a stone would fall fully four thousand feet, while great trees in the valley below look like so many blades of grass. If it took the brain and brawn of man six years to cross these peaks, how long would it take him to build the mountains themselves. Suddenly the engine shrieks, and you are plunged into Cimmerian darkness, only to emerge into a densely wooded forest of parasitic vines and countless scarlet passion-flowers, the former clasping their parent trees with a fond but fatal embrace; for the parasite loves "not wisely, but too well."

Thus might I attempt to picture each step of this marvellous structure, and thus fail to do justice to scenes that the mind finds it hard to conceive.

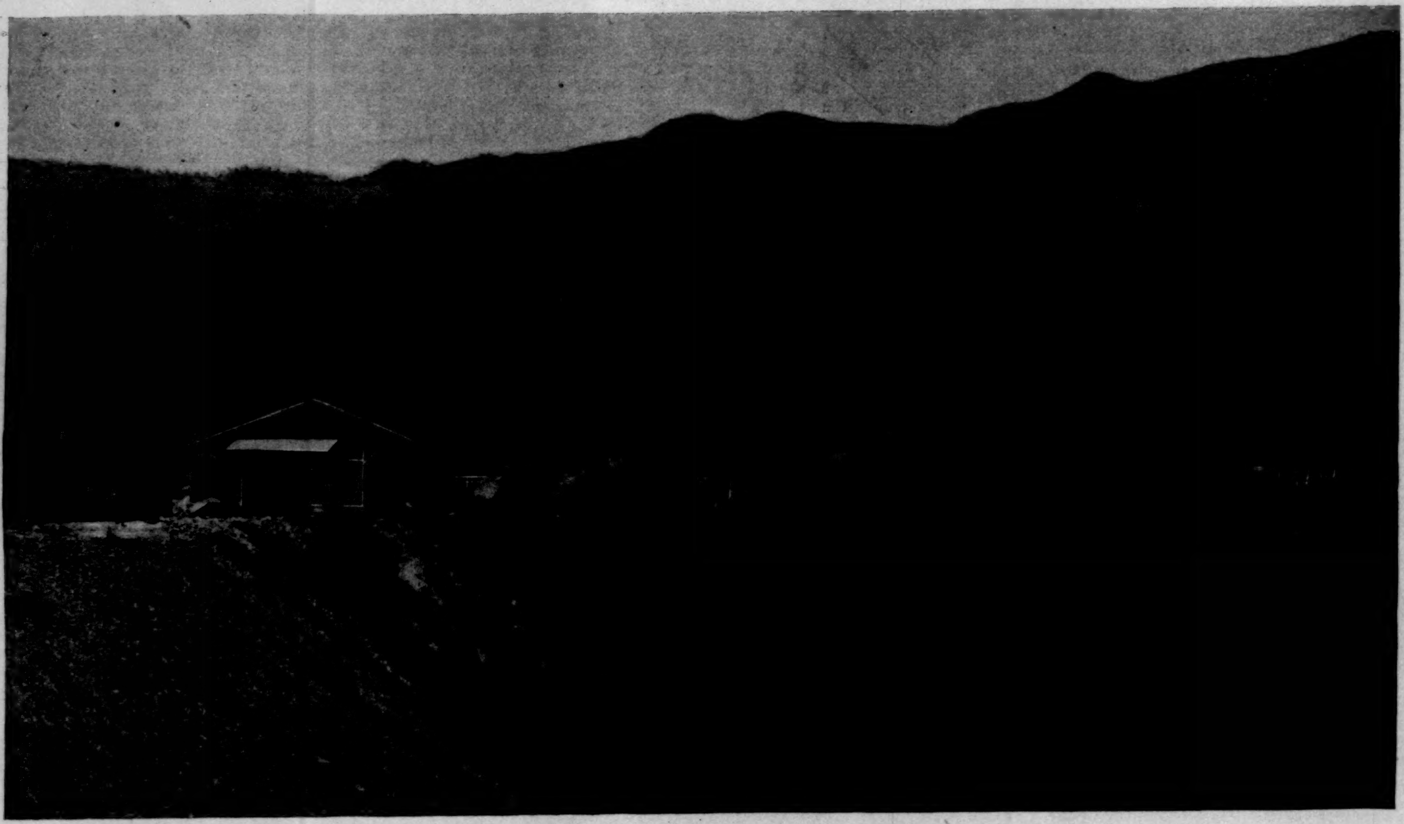




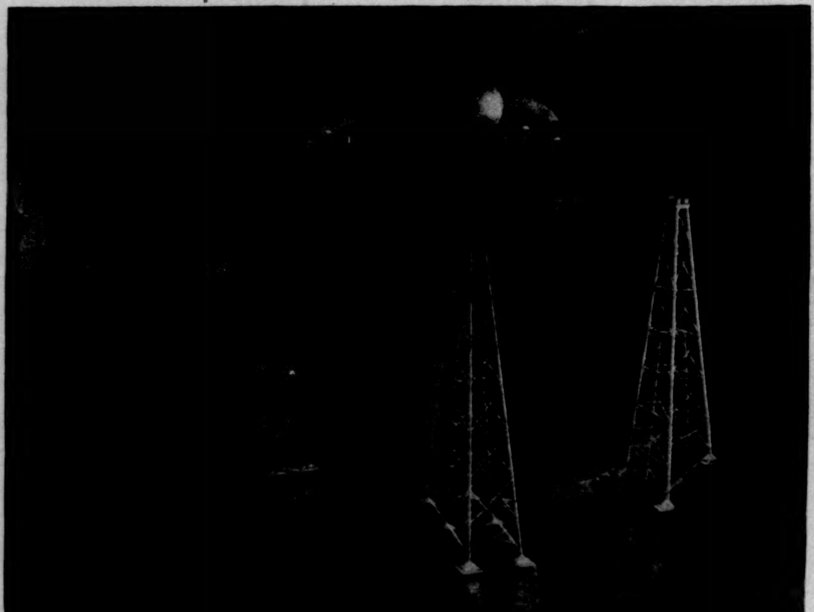
THE YELLOW WATER VIADUCT.



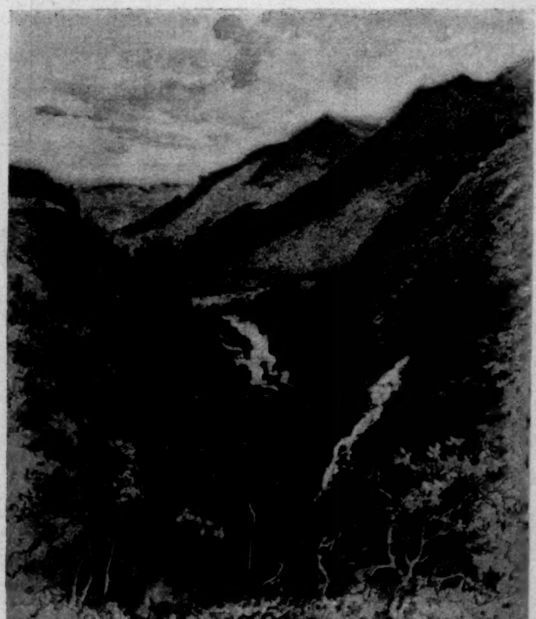
A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN.



A MOUNTAIN STATION SHOWING WINDING ROAD.

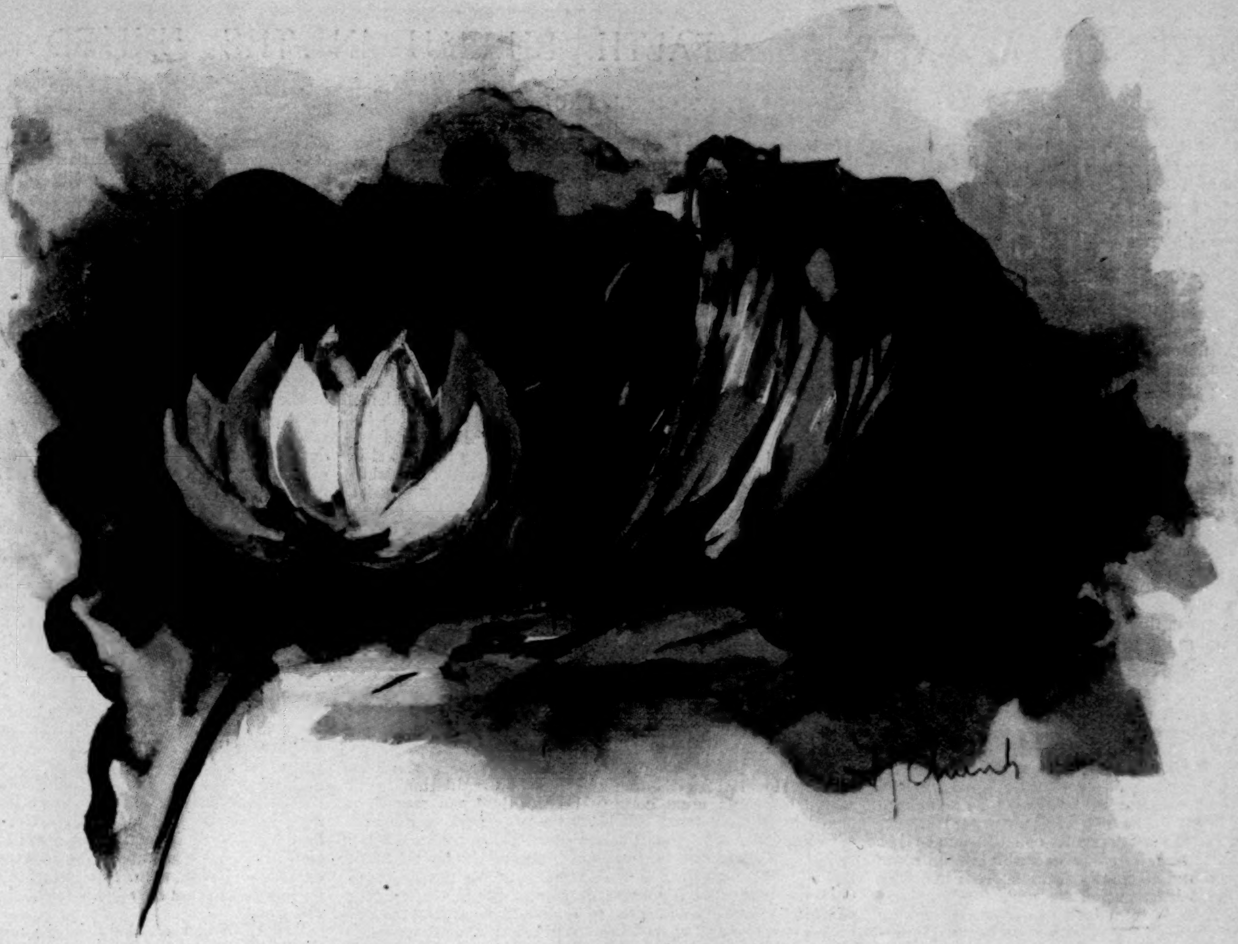


LA GALERA VIADUCT.



A GLIMPSE OF THE PEAKS OF THE ANDES.

THE TRANSANDEAN RAILWAY IN VENEZUELA.—[SEE PAGE 467.]



"IT APPEARED SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE."

AN UNEXPLAINED INCIDENT.

BY F. S. CHURCH.

YOU will please excuse personalities, but they are absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the following incidents. I am an artist, and reside in the city; was originally a mechanical draughtsman, but by hard study after working-hours got at the Academy what art education I have, and that has been the means of my painting pictures which find a tolerably ready sale, and serve to keep my sister (a widow), her children, and myself fairly comfortable. No one can accuse me of romancing or indulging in the ideal. I paint a most matter-of-fact picture: scenes selected around the docks—principally longshoremen, and different phases of their life. I believe in and often use the camera to get the details, and I try hard to carry my work to a high state of finish. I am in demand, more or less, by some of the publishers, who send to me to make drawings of a realistic character when great accuracy of detail is required. One morning about the time of this incident, Mr. Horgan, art director of the *Herald*, sent word to me: "We are about to publish an article on the aquatic flowers in our fountains, and the first lotus bud is expected to blossom at any moment, and we want an accurate drawing of it as soon as possible. You will find the plant in the basin of the fountain at the head of the Mall." This was an experiment by Mr. Parsons, the Park superintendent, which has proved a success, and is a great source of pleasure to those who happen or have to be here during the summer, as our fountains are now filled with all sorts of aquatic plants, among which the lotus plays a prominent part. At that time it was unknown to most of our people, and considerable had been written in the papers about these plants, particularly the lotus and its expected blossom. Well, I went right up, and there in the centre of the basin was pointed out to me, by a policeman, the group of lotus plants and the particular bud which was to develop into the first flower. A few people interested in such things were there, and a number had gone away disappointed—so the policeman said—as they had expected to see the flower that day. I saw Mr. Parsons, the superintendent, explained my business, and he arranged immediately to give me every facility to make the sketch, and said I might count on it as a certainty that the flower would blossom next morning. One of the boss workmen was instructed to leave in a tool-box near by that night an extra long pair of rubber boots, so that I could wade right in to where the flower was and make my sketch. That was all there was for me to do then, so I took the elevated for downtown, as I was going to do some painting on the docks, where I have a sort of a place just large enough to pose a model and hold necessary material for work, which I elaborate at my Thirteenth Street studio. I stopped in at the *Herald* on my way down to report progress, and told Horgan I should undoubtedly be able to bring him the drawing the next forenoon. I want to say this for a reason you may see later on. I know nothing about botany; I think no more of flowers than the average work-a-day man; and once, when my sister put a button-hole bouquet in my coat, I felt very conscious and foolish as I walked down the street.

I am a bachelor, not at all good-looking, and the last man to be carried away or influenced by the wiles of a woman. In fact, I don't like them, but am very fond of children. But I was just the man to send up to make a careful and realistic drawing of this flower. Now comes the queer part. When I got to my uptown studio that evening it was quite late. I sleep there. "My chum" and myself have the whole top floor, a door at the foot of the third flight shutting us off from the rest of the building, and we are alone at nights. I heard him as I came up the last flight of stairs. He had gone to bed, and made some trivial remark as I passed into my studio. Lighting the lamp, I found on my table a package and a note from my friend Frank Waller, who I thought was in Egypt, saying:

"I arrived at 3 P.M., by steamer *Baltic*, as direct from Cairo as I could come. Sorry to have missed you, but I have brought you a present from the land of mystery, a very finely preserved mummy head, which I hope will act as a stimulant to your imagination, and get you to thinking of something besides those old every-day longshoremen subjects. I got it near the pyramids when they were making some excavations. It was in a partially destroyed case, and the tomb evidently had been plundered years before—so said my friend Dr. Friedland, who was in charge of the work under the government."

Well, that's just like Frank, I said. He is a dreamer, and likes that sort of thing, but it means nothing to me except as a token from dear old Frank, whom I think the world of. I put it on the table, and examined it with more or less interest. It was under the bright light of the lamp, and against a piece of white drawing-board. It was like all the rest of those things, which, I presume, most of you have seen—looked like a piece of old leather fashioned into human shape, and was partially wrapped up in yellow mummy-cloth. After satisfying my curiosity and smiling at Frank's queer gift, I turned into bed, knowing I was to get up at daylight and be on hand to sketch my lotus. I am a good sleeper, and dropped off at once. Now notice this, please. The last Christmas week I had spent at a friend's in the country, and he has a lot of children I am very fond of. We were telling ghost stories one evening, and I, to illustrate one, showed them an experiment, which, I imagine, most of you are familiar with. You draw with a black line on a white surface in as simple a manner as possible the object you want. Make a spot near the top of the drawing to fix your eyes on, and look at it under a bright light, say while you count twenty, and then look into a dark corner, and after blinking your eyes once or twice you will see your drawing, only much larger, and the color reversed; it will be white against a dark ground, appearing and disappearing, and finally disappearing altogether. I drew that evening on a sheet of note-paper, with black ink, a rough idea of a skeleton, and most of us could see it in a dim white color moving up and down. I don't know what the scientific explanation is. I imagine the image is retained on the retina of the eye, and by this means can be seen for a time, the same as, if you happen to look suddenly at the sun, when you turn your head away a lot of round black spots against a white background will be seen.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, but I awoke with a start and opened my eyes, and there at the foot of my bed was the mummy head moving up and down in front of me. I knew at once what it meant. I had been looking intently at the head in a bright light, and here it was considerably lighter in color. I noticed, though, an expression of sadness which I had not previously observed; and pay particular attention to this: great tears seemed to be rolling down its cheeks. I smiled, turned over, and was asleep again in a few minutes; but I remember it was a restless sleep—something unusual to me. When I awoke, the sun was shining in my window; I jumped out of bed, knowing I had overslept, and thinking—well, I shall be late for my lily sketch. When I picked up my clothes, the coat, trousers, vest, stockings, shoes, were as wet as though they had been lying out in a rain-storm all night. For a moment I was astonished; but then it occurred to me right off that my friend at the end of the hall is responsible for this. We are always playing practical jokes on each other. He owed me for one I had perpetrated on him which was rather severe, and he had threatened to get even with me soon. Our doors are always open in summer, and he, seeing that I had overslept, which was also unusual, as I am a very early riser, had taken this chance to fix me. I knew he had gone; so I got dry clothes, and rushed off for the Park, reaching there quite late. As I came hurrying down the steps of the Mall leading to the fountain, the policeman on duty, who knew my business, said, pointing to the plant, "You are too late; some one stole, last night or early this morning, the bud which was to show us our first lotus; but there will be another to-morrow or next day." It was so; and there was nothing for me to do but to turn back, and wait for another opportunity to make the drawing. I telegraphed Horgan of the facts, and started for my studio. As I came in the door, I must say I was thunderstruck. I am not at all superstitious; I could sleep alone in a graveyard all night without the slightest fear. But there, in the broad sunlight on my table, just where I left it, was the mummy head. It appeared singularly attractive, the tears rolling down its cheeks, and a lotus flower in full bloom glued to the lips. I felt awfully queer for a moment, but I braced up and walked over to it. It was the same head, and it was a lotus flower, and the tears were streaming down the cheeks; but these I discovered were the result of the warm room on the bitumen, which is used extensively by the Egyptians in embalming. It had melted, and was pouring out of the eyes (the odor of the stuff was very noticeable), which also acted as a glue, and was the means of the flower adhering to the lips of the mummy head. The flower had several inches of stem still on it, which on the lower part was tied fast with a lotus leaf, and on close examination I saw wrapped around the stem inside the leaf an envelope having on it my address; the leaf and paper evidently meant to keep the end of the stem wet.

I was dazed. A thought came to me—my wet clothes. I rushed to where I had put them; they were still damp, and I noticed the shoes were muddy, and in the pocket of the coat was part of a lotus leaf and some papyrus plant which I had observed the day before growing among the lotus. Good Lord! I said, have I performed a feat of somnambulism, and got up in the night and stole that flower? The damp suit and the envelope were strong circumstantial evidence. I didn't take long to think over the problem, but took that mummy head and flower, put them in a big metal dish I use for etching, pounded them to atoms, built up a big fire in my stove, put them in, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of knowing that they were no more. I didn't propose in any way to have any superstitious nonsense around my place. It was a day or two afterwards I got a letter from Frank saying that among other things he forgot to tell me from the inscription on the broken mummy-case Dr. Friedland had translated enough to know that it was the head of a female, the wife of a florist under some high government official, and that she had received some kind of public recognition for her devotion and development of the lotus, which was a sacred flower in Egypt.

THE NEED OF A NATIONAL HEALTH BUREAU IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M.D.

THE research of the past decade into the nature and causes of some of the most common and fatal diseases has shown that, in a measure scarcely dreamed of before, they may be warded off and their ravages limited when once they have gained a foothold in a community. It is thus possible to greatly diminish unnecessary suffering and premature death. Furthermore, it is now clear that these beneficent results are to be achieved not by intricate and subtle scientific processes, but by a strict and persistent attention to the simple details of sanitation.

The forces which must be brought into play in this widespread prevention of disease are varied, and full success depends upon the harmonious co-operation of them all.

First, individuals must know the nature of the dangers to which they are liable from communicable disease, and be intelligently active in avoiding or overcoming them.

Second, local health organizations, both municipal and State, must be managed by competent and faithful officers, and be ever ready to enlist in their service all the newly revealed protective agencies which from time to time science shows to be efficient.

Third, in a great country like ours there must be a central health organization which shall supervise the quarantine system of the land, co-operate with municipal and State health boards in securing uniformity of methods, the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, the solution of urgent sanitary problems, and be ready in times of threatened danger to aid and counsel those whose interests are most at stake.

Our country is yet so new that in many States the more intricate sanitary problems associated with over-crowding in great cities, and with the difficulty of procuring good water supplies as the land becomes more densely peopled, have not yet presented themselves with the urgency which older nations have felt and met. The people of our land do not yet fully appreciate the vital importance to almost every interest in life of wisely planned and efficiently executed means for the prevention of communicable disease. Each State has its own health laws and its own sanitary organizations, and cherishes with eager persistence its constitutional right to manage its own internal affairs. The health laws in some of our States are good and efficiently administered; in others neither the laws nor their execution are worthy of our land and age. At best there is total lack of uniformity among the States, both in internal sanitation and in State quarantine. Furthermore, in many of our cities and States the whole legislative and executive machinery is so dominated by the greed of ignorant and vicious political parasites that it is difficult to maintain a public office, no matter how close its functions lie to the personal welfare of the citizens, with all its forces directed to the end for which it was created. And so it is that many of our cities, and even many of our States, have no efficient local health organizations. Or such as do exist are often feebly administered, and wholly incapable of coping with any serious outbreak of communicable disease, or of securing at all times such immunity from common forms of fatal maladies as the science of to-day shows to be possible and simple. At present no national health organization exists in the United States beyond that which is involved in the present administration of a somewhat roundabout system of maritime quarantine.

The people in other countries, such as England, Germany, and France, have long since learned to appreciate the importance, in every aspect, whether sanitary, commercial, or humanitarian, of a national health organization, which guides, advises, and helps their local health boards.

The actual power which national health boards possess in foreign countries is much greater than is possible in the United States. This is due to the nature of our confederation, and because here popular intelligence has not yet been sufficiently developed to make it plain that the principle of home-rule—or, as we call it, "State rights"—may be safely and wisely modified in matters concerning the public health, co-operation and uniformity of methods being absolutely necessary for an efficient warfare with communicable disease.

In the minds of most people in the United States a national health organization means little more than a national quarantine. But the time has come for us to realize that quarantine is not the all in all in our duties as a nation in preventing disease. The functions of a national health bureau, in a land like ours, are twofold—first, those which are involved in the internal sanitation of the country; and second, those which concern its quarantine. Quarantine in its modern sense does not mean a long and forcible detention of people known or suspected to bear in their persons or effects the germs of infectious disease, until the disease has died out or the people have died off. It means the execution of such restrictive measures as the science of to-day shows to be necessary to prevent the introduction of communicable disease from one country or one region into another, with the least possible interference with commerce and the freedom of individuals.

It is now universally agreed among sanitarians that either maritime or internal quarantine is a rather crude method, sometimes efficient, and often not, of preventing the spread of certain communicable diseases, and that the necessity for its rigorous execution steadily diminishes as the general sanitary condition of a country is improved and its local and national health organizations become effective and harmonious in their aims and methods. Quarantine is, then, only one of the functions of a national health bureau. And as its rigorous administration is apt at times to seriously interfere with travel and traffic, the tendency among intelligent people has always been to limit its scope and reduce its stringencies as fast as the sanitary condition of the country would permit.

At present it seems necessary to maintain a fairly rigorous system of maritime quarantine in the United States, because the general standard of efficiency in local health organization is so unsatisfactory or unequal that some forms of quarantinable disease, once gaining a foothold, are liable in certain places to assume the proportions of serious epidemics.

That the State quarantines of this country do not afford an adequate protection against the entrance of communicable disease, especially with the hordes of filthy and ignorant immigrants swarming hither year by year, is generally conceded. Some seaboard States maintain no quarantine at all. Others have ceded their rights and responsibilities to their neighbors. At a few great ports rigorous and measurably effective systems are in force; but their ends are not infrequently gained only by a serious interference with travel and traffic, and a hazardous exposure of unnecessarily detained victims of suspicion.

It is fortunate that a clause in the Constitution of the United States relating to commerce has made it possible for the national government from time to time to assume certain functions in the matter of quarantine. While we are still far from possessing a real and wholly effective national quarantine system, the way has been opened along which the growing sanitary knowledge of our people cannot fail in time to turn their thoughts and legislative energies. At present each State has the power to maintain its own quarantine. The action of the last Congress has, however, cleared the way for a national control by a method which, though liable to cause friction between State quarantine systems and that of the national government, is yet a great gain for the interests of commerce and travel and the public health. Immigration can be suspended by the President, if necessary, and the national government can establish its own quarantine whenever that of the State is deemed inefficient, the State in the mean time having the right to still maintain its own procedures. The possibilities of a double damage to commerce and travel, should any State insist upon the continuance of its system in spite of its declared inefficiency and the creation of an independent establishment by the Federal government, is one of the most unsatisfactory features of the existing dual quarantine.

One important protective measure brought into force by the Harris quarantine bill of last year is the establishment of a system of inspection of immigrants at foreign ports before they are allowed to take ship. When necessary a thorough disinfection of dangerous or suspicious persons and effects may be required. These precautions are not insured by the health authorities of the nations from whose ports the dangerous or suspected ships sail; for over these the United States has, of course, no control. Nor are their expenses or execution directly assumed by the representatives of the United States. The Harris bill authorizes the Marine Hospital Service to make rules and regulations, with which all ships must comply before they can receive a health certificate from a United States officer at the port of departure. Any ship attempting to land in a United States port without this certificate is subject to a fine of $5000. This penalty it is which practically compels steamship companies sailing from suspected ports, or bringing suspicious goods or people, to maintain what is for us a national safeguard against the importation of quarantinable disease. This system of foreign inspection, combined with the efficient methods of some and with the more or less troublesome and unnecessary sanitary mummeries of others of our State quarantines, has been most successful under the administration of the Marine Hospital Service in largely keeping cholera out of the United States during the past year. It would thus appear wise that, with such modifications as may seem called for, this system should remain in force until general enlightenment has paved the way for a more direct and simple and comprehensive national system.

It might at first appear, if we are possessed of a reasonably satisfactory quarantine system, and if the States alone have the right to make and enforce laws directly bearing upon the conduct of their citizens in matters of public health, that there is little scope for the further activities of a National Health Bureau. But the experience of all nations more civilized than we are in matters affecting the public health is useful here. This shows that, beyond all compelling executive powers which it may possess, the influence of a national health organization may be of the utmost value to local health boards, which directly supervise the individual citizens. A keen outlook is to be kept on the existence and movements of communicable disease the world over, and the hints and cautions derived from such vigilance are to be communicated to local health organizations. International co-operation in the suppression of threatening epidemics is to be secured, as a national influence alone can secure it. The statistics of disease are to be gathered and summarized and published. The organization and experiences of local health boards are to be studied and made available for the instruction of all, and used as a basis for the adoption of improved standards and systems and methods. Weak local boards are to be sustained and encouraged; harmonious action is to be secured; and in times of special stress such aid is to be afforded as can come only from a national organization. Urgent and far-reaching problems in sanitation are to be solved by special and prolonged research. The lessons drawn from the successes and the failures of our own and other countries in matters concerning the public health are to be made available for our advantage.

The importance to local health boards all over the land of a body of trained sanitarians, upon whom they can call for advice and counsel in matters of special import, and whose opinion would carry such weight as that of no individual or local authority can, is scarcely to be overestimated.

If the maintenance by the nation of an army and a navy is necessary or desirable for the welfare of the States; if a Bureau of Education, a Weather Bureau, and a Coast Survey are wisely supported by the central government for the weal of the States whose intelligence and weather and coasts are primarily matters of local interest—then surely there is justification for the creation of such a central agency as a National Health Bureau, whose beneficent activities may contribute to the personal welfare of every citizen in every State. For the benefit of the farming industry in individual States we have even a Department of Agriculture. The very fish are looked after, and properly so, by an important and expensive commission. A Bureau of Animal Industry guards tenderly the health and welfare of our cattle, sheep, and hogs. But a large percentage of its citizens die prematurely every year from preventable disease, unheeded and unprotected by the Federal government.

It should not be forgotten that both State and municipal health organizations are, under the conditions now prevailing, often placed in charge of men who are not trained sanitarians, whose chief interests centre in their diverse avocations and means of livelihood, and who can devote only a portion of their time to their official duties. Hence it is that though actuated by the most worthy motives, local health officers are often not in command of the fullest knowledge in sanitation, and not always informed as to the most recent and approved methods of protecting the public health. To men in this situation a National Health Bureau could not fail, with its wide sources of knowledge, its authoritative position, and its material resources, to be of inestimable value as a stimulating and co-operative agency.

That an efficient health organization, without the exercise of any extensive executive power, may wield a widely beneficent influence can be easily illustrated. The Health Board of Massachusetts has recently been carrying on a long and costly series of studies on the disposal of sewage and the protection of water supplies. One of the results of these studies is that more than ever before it is evident not only that typhoid fever and allied diseases may be largely prevented, but that the means for their prevention are simple and certain. But it is not the citizens of Massachusetts alone who are reaping the reward of this patient and skilful research. All States are waking to the conviction that the drinking of sewage-polluted water is not only a nasty but a dangerous practice, and every State in the Union may share in the knowledge which Massachusetts has so ably developed.

The Board of Health of the city of New York recently devised and put in practice a system of management of diphtheria based upon the most recent researches on this baleful malady. And forthwith scores of health boards from its own and neighboring States sought its advice and counsel in the execution of similar measures for the protection of their hitherto neglected children.

The health boards of the State of Michigan and the city of New York were the first to take definite official steps toward staying the progress of the most fatal scourge known to man—tuberculosis. Though for wellnigh a whole decade we have known how its ravages might be largely limited, no definite efficient official action had before been taken by any State or city in the land. To-day the more intelligent communities all over the country are awaking to their duty, and beginning to realize their shameful inactivity. Michigan and the city of New York have no national control in the prevention of tuberculosis, and their methods for its suppression may not be those which other States and cities may altogether approve or adopt. But the influence of that first positive and intelligent action has already reached far beyond the limits of our land. And so it does not seem to be Utopian—the notion that a great central health organization in the United States, even in matters in which it has no executive power, would be likely to exert a beneficent influence, which not only justifies but should compel its speedy creation.

The condition of affairs in the matter of the prevention of disease has vastly changed within the past decade. Formerly it was cholera and small-pox and yellow fever which organized efforts were engaged in suppressing. But people the world over have gone on year after year scarcely realizing that the power for evil of these maladies is a matter of comparative insignificance beside the inexpressible suffering and large mortality which year by year tuberculosis, diphtheria, and typhoid fever bring in their train. To-day we know, as we did not know ten years ago, just exactly what causes each of them, and to-day measures for their control are simple and certain.

It is into this broader field of disease prevention that the science of to-day has entered, certain of its ultimate success, if only it can secure a moderate measure of popular education and intelligence in sanitary matters, efficiency on the part of local health boards, and the stimulation and support of these which a national organization alone can furnish.

The prevention of communicable disease by the enforcement of proper sanitary rules is not a dream of the sanitarian, but has been a very solid accomplishment in many lands, and in many of our own States, even without the new knowledge and promise which our day has brought to light. In the years between 1870 and 1880 England, largely as the result of improved sanitation and health organization, saved, as compared with the previous decade, at least 200,000 people, having on the average a length of life of forty years. The economical value to the state of these lives has been estimated as not far from £300,000,000. It is estimated that during the years '86, '87, and '88 at least 10,000 cases of diphtheria were prevented, and more than 1700 lives saved in the State of Michigan by carefully planned and properly executed means of isolation and disinfection. The estimated loss in labor of men (to say nothing of life) for the year 1890 on account of typhoid fever in the city of Chicago alone was $1,052,000. This was one of the items of expense which Chicago incurred so near the close of the nineteenth century for the privilege of drinking sewage-polluted water. Albany and Philadelphia and many other cities in the United States are still indulging themselves in a similar way at similar expense. It is safe to say that if the only outcome of the establishment of a National Bureau of Health were to be some effective legislation, either State or Federal, which would prevent the pollution by sewage of streams and lakes used for drinking water, the saving in life and labor now lost from typhoid fever and other kindred preventable disease would amount to enough, in any reasonable estimate of the value to the state of life and time, to pay the expenses of the bureau a hundred times over for every year of its existence.

The newly opened possibilities in the prevention of disease; the growing conviction that by general enlightenment and carefully organized co-operation alone can we secure these possibilities—these two considerations have led to a new and widely sustained movement toward the establishment of a National Bureau of Health in the United States. A bill has been introduced in Congress for the creation of such a bureau in the Department of the Interior.

The details of the provisions of this bill need not be considered here. They are all subservient to the aims which it has been the purpose of this paper to describe and explain. The bill grants to the Federal government no authority over the affairs of the States which it does not now possess. Its passage by Congress would make possible in the United States at last such an improvement in internal sanitation, such an elevation in the standards of efficiency in the public health service, such harmonious action and co-operation on the part of local health boards, and such a wide diffusion of sanitary knowledge as can come to us in no other way.

It is now for the present Congress to decide whether a measure which promises such beneficent results shall be speedily enacted, or whether for yet another year or more the thousands of victims of unnecessary suffering and preventable death shall be sacrificed, as for years they have been, at the altars of ignorance and neglect. Come it must and will—this legislation for the common good; whether now or later, with all the useless loss and sorrow which would surely come between, it is for these men to say.

THE ARMY AND THE INDIAN.

BY LIEUT. LEWIS D. GREENE, SEVENTH U. S. INFANTRY.

THE general public nowadays seldom pauses in its rush of civil pursuits to recognize in any save the vaguest way the existence of either army or Indian, though by those who read HARPER'S WEEKLY the former cannot be wholly forgotten, while the interrelation of the two may be said to be the question of greatest interest relating to either that now occupies the attention of both the general public and the executive branch of the government. This relation is marked by two recent experiments—the appointment of some thirty or forty officers as Indian agents, under the law permitting the President so to detail officers in his discretion, and the enlistment of Indians in an attempt to make them into soldiers after the white man's pattern, instituted by Senator Proctor while Secretary of War.

The appointment of officers as agents, though generally instituted but ten months ago, seems to be regarded with ill-concealed dissatisfaction by all concerned. The Interior Department does not like the officer, which feeling is frequently reciprocated in kind; the politician sees snatched from the patronage pertaining to "practical politics" some seventy or eighty offices, still of use, though not so plethoric of "perquisites" as fifteen or even five years ago; while the officer so detailed, without option on his part, finds himself in strange surroundings, totally unmilitary, and exiled to agencies void of any congenial social life (such as may be found even in the most remote and lonesome two-company frontier post, in the association of his fellows and their families), and to surroundings most generally forlorn and dismal, chiefly characterized by groups of barnlike buildings, total absence of grass and trees, and presence of never-ending winds, drifting clouds of alkali dust, and the characteristic smoke-tanned odor that haunts the aboriginal and all that is his.

In this plan the Indian is the only one benefited. He knows that although he is governed and ruled under military discipline, and that the guard-house yawns for the evildoer, yet he usually gets even-handed justice, and all his rations and allowances, to the benefits of which he is far from blind.

The other experiment, that of Indian soldiers, is also falling into disrepute; and yet it seems that in this matter the same energy directed into somewhat different channels might produce results of value both to the army and the native.

It may be desirable to explain for the benefit of the civilian reader that when it was determined to try to make Indians into soldiers, one company in each of several regiments, infantry and cavalry, was designated as the Indian company, and was so recruited at the different agencies. Most plains Indians being horsemen, the cavalry recruitment was the most successful, though several companies of infantry were organized, and all stationed with the regiments to which they belonged.

These men were issued the regulation clothing and equipments of other soldiers, were drilled, and placed under the usual military restraints and discipline. Feet which had known no other constraint than that of the buckskin mocassin found themselves confined in a cavalry boot about as pliable as a section of sewer-pipe. Legs developed in years of happy freedom found themselves encased in trousers encumbered with seats. Backs that had known only a calico shirt, supplemented by the loose folds of a buffalo-robe or blanket, were introduced to the beauties of a tight-fitting dress-coat; and, above all, in place of the once-prized eagle feather perched the brass-spiked helmet borrowed from beyond the Rhine. Nevertheless, many companies and troops were successfully made into soldiers, notably the scouts organized and trained by poor Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, who was foully murdered, without a chance to fight, near Pine Ridge the winter of the last Sioux outbreak, and the troop of Robertson, of the First Cavalry, who met an unhappy death a few months ago in Arizona.

Our new recruit could wear the clothes of his white brother and be kept in garrison with him, even if he could not speak his language or understand many of his customs, and, like him, he could occasionally fall from the grace of sobriety and bring himself into disrepute and the guard-house. The novelty worn off, and fat with three years of uninterrupted rations, he becomes dissatisfied, and now applies for his discharge—soldiering isn't what it was cracked up to be!

The Indian is essentially domestic (sometimes plurally and bigamously so), but as a soldier he must be a celibate and forswear the joys of domesticity. He was a good enough warrior in the old days when his hand was raised against his present comrade, and then he had plenty of personal freedom, and all the wives he could pay ponies for, and children to match. So Indian recruitment has ceased, and some companies are being mustered out. We see a member from Nebraska demanding the disbandment of a company still at Fort Omaha because their presence is demoralizing, while those who still wear the blue are in effect asking themselves the question of "Faithful James": "Is civilization a failure, and is the Caucasian played out?"

Yet the Indian is naturally a soldier, and the history of our military operations in the West during the past twenty years is full of incidents of faithful and valuable services rendered our troops, not infrequently against their own people and interests: having accepted the service, they have, as a rule, faithfully done their duty. Treachery or ill faith on the part of the Indian scouts enlisted and sworn into the United States service has been of the rarest occurrence. Both General Crook and General Miles in their campaigns in Arizona used Indians against Indians with the greatest success in marches and campaigns utterly beyond the endurance of white soldiers. As a soldier the Indian has always shown ability. Why not, then, try to modify our plans of utilizing him, instead of trying to make him, a square peg, fit into the round hole of our cast-iron regulations and customs of service?

It being cheaper to feed than to fight him, and as in the past we have sometimes simultaneously done both, then why not have him on our side in such a way that he will unmistakably realize that his interests lie in unqualified adherence to our cause?

To advance a theory and to outline a plan by which it is believed this end may be attained is the object of this paper. I am not alone in the belief that it is practicable to make of the Indian race as it now is soldiers that as irregular cavalry and scouts cannot be surpassed, if we do it intelligently, and with reference to its customs and prejudices, keeping in view the end to be attained, and avoiding a waste of time and energy in non-essential details.

I believe that such a result can be effected by a kind of military colonization that will respect and bend to the social and domestic customs and prejudices of the race when they are not actually immoral or subversive of military discipline, that will make the Indian into an available and valuable irregular soldier, and change the sullen opponent with a grievance into a partisan on our side. For this purpose let certain families and bands that belong to the same tribes and are congenial be segregated in villages in their own country, where they are used to the climate and physical surroundings, building for themselves log cabins, such as most Indians are now learning to live in; require all males between the ages of eighteen and forty, not physically disqualified, to be enrolled for military service, and actually mustered in and attached to the company belonging to each village, which ordinarily would contain forty or fifty men of the military age. This company would be commanded by a first lieutenant of the army detailed for the purpose. Group three or four companies living in contiguous villages, not distant from each other more than three or four miles, into a battalion organization under command of a captain. The officers selected should be named for their peculiar and known ability for this kind of work, as shown by the official records in the Adjutant-General's office and especial inquiry in each case, and while on such duty should have the rank and pay of one grade higher than that held in their regiments, but appropriate to their duties and commands.

Each company commander would have charge of all that pertains to the military matters of the village in which his men lived, leaving to the elders so far as practicable the usual civil administration, over which he would keep watch, and through reports to the battalion commander make any needed changes or corrections.

The battalion commander would call together for military instruction the companies under his command as often as necessary, selecting such times as would not ordinarily be used in harvesting, planting, or other civil pursuits followed by the Indians under him, which should be encouraged as much as practicable. Besides being the military head of his Indians, the battalion commander would also have all the duties of administration now given to the agent; he would oversee the issues of rations and other gratuities, administer, with the assistance of his company commanders, justice and discipline, encourage the Indians of his villages in farming, gardening, learning mechanical trades, or stock-raising, or other civil pursuits, such as might be best developed by the climatic conditions and physical surroundings or the individual bent and preference.

The men mustered into the companies should receive soldiers' pay, rations, and clothing, and could be required to furnish their own ponies in the case of those tribes known as "horse" Indians, and who do not take kindly to infantry service.

By a system of holding for guard, police, and other military duties a varying proportion of the full strength of the company, the others in time of planting, harvest, etc., could assist their families in their civil pursuits, there being plenty of time during the year for military training when it would not materially interfere with the encouragement of efforts at self-support. The old men, women, and children could be allowed half-rations; the children would be required to go to school, and idleness discouraged in all ways possible, and much more effectively when the source of authority is the military commander, whose power the Indian perfectly comprehends, than by the civilian agent, who must rely on persuasion, whom the Indian has learned to distrust through past experience, and who is seldom acquainted with the customs and prejudices of the native, whom he is constantly offending through ignorance or the arbitrary methods so suddenly acquired by those who unexpectedly find themselves vested with "a little brief authority."

The civilian agent, the creature of political preferment, seldom stays long enough to get acquainted with his business, and expects to be displaced with the next change of administration, and is tempted to "make" all he can while in office. The officer thus placed, selected from the whole army for his known administrative abilities and knowledge of Indians, has everything to lose by carelessness, mismanagement, or dishonesty, which would cost him his life-position and bring him into public disgrace.

From which of these two could you naturally expect the better service?

In saying this I do not ignore the fact that there are a very few, probably not more than half a dozen, civilian agents now in service who have so well administered their offices and gained the respect of both superiors and inferiors that they have been left years in their places, undisturbed by political changes or the four-year tenure of office.

The country and public opinion accept without serious question the obligation that we owe to the original inhabitant of the mountains and prairies of our Western States. Within two generations we have destroyed their natural means of self-support, and the government attempts to make it good. Much money has been spent in good faith, for which a totally inadequate return has been received, in civilizing the Indian and reconciling him to our domination. It is a common saying in the West that the Indian won't work as long as the government feeds him, but prefers to turn "coffee-cooler," and to rest his bones in the sunny angle of the agency store, and "he'd be a fool if he didn't."

It is believed that a fair trial of the plan outlined above would result in the following advantages: A cost not to exceed that already incurred in support of the Indian; an increased feeling of self-respect among the wearers of the uniform, feeling themselves to be soldiers and part of the army, and the partisan adherence to our cause of their relatives; the suppression of the "medicine-man" and irreconcilable element by the weight of public opinion among themselves in their villages; the more successful operation of schools, owing to the influence of the company commanders, one for every village, and the object-lesson presented in the appointment of non-commissioned officers and agency clerks from those able to read and write; and, finally—and it is not an insignificant element—these companies of men, instinctively soldiers by the heredity of unknown generations, trained in subordination and discipline, would form no mean auxiliary force of irregular cavalry and scouts in case of a war with some other nation; and in case of possible disaffection among Indians themselves, every loyal company would be in its element in subduing any outbreak, while, scattered as they are, and preserving their intertribal jealousies, a general outbreak would be impossible.

So long as the appointment of civilian Indian agents is tainted with the political thirst for office, so long will the advance of the native towards our standard of civilization be retarded and fail to develop its best results. If it were practicable to divorce politics from appointment of civilians as Indian agents; to select men of administrative ability, tact, and honesty, and to get them to serve for the pay given, and then to give them a tenure of office during good behavior and efficient work, their dreams not haunted with visions of changes of political administration and a four-year time limit, and the temptation to make hay during this brief period of sunshine removed—then this proposition would not be advanced; but "it is a condition that confronts us." We have to feed and to care for the Indian anyhow; he can be made into a soldier more readily than into anything else; he can learn as much of civil pursuits and self-support under this proposed system as under any other yet tried; it won't cost any more; and the country will get an addition to its military strength.

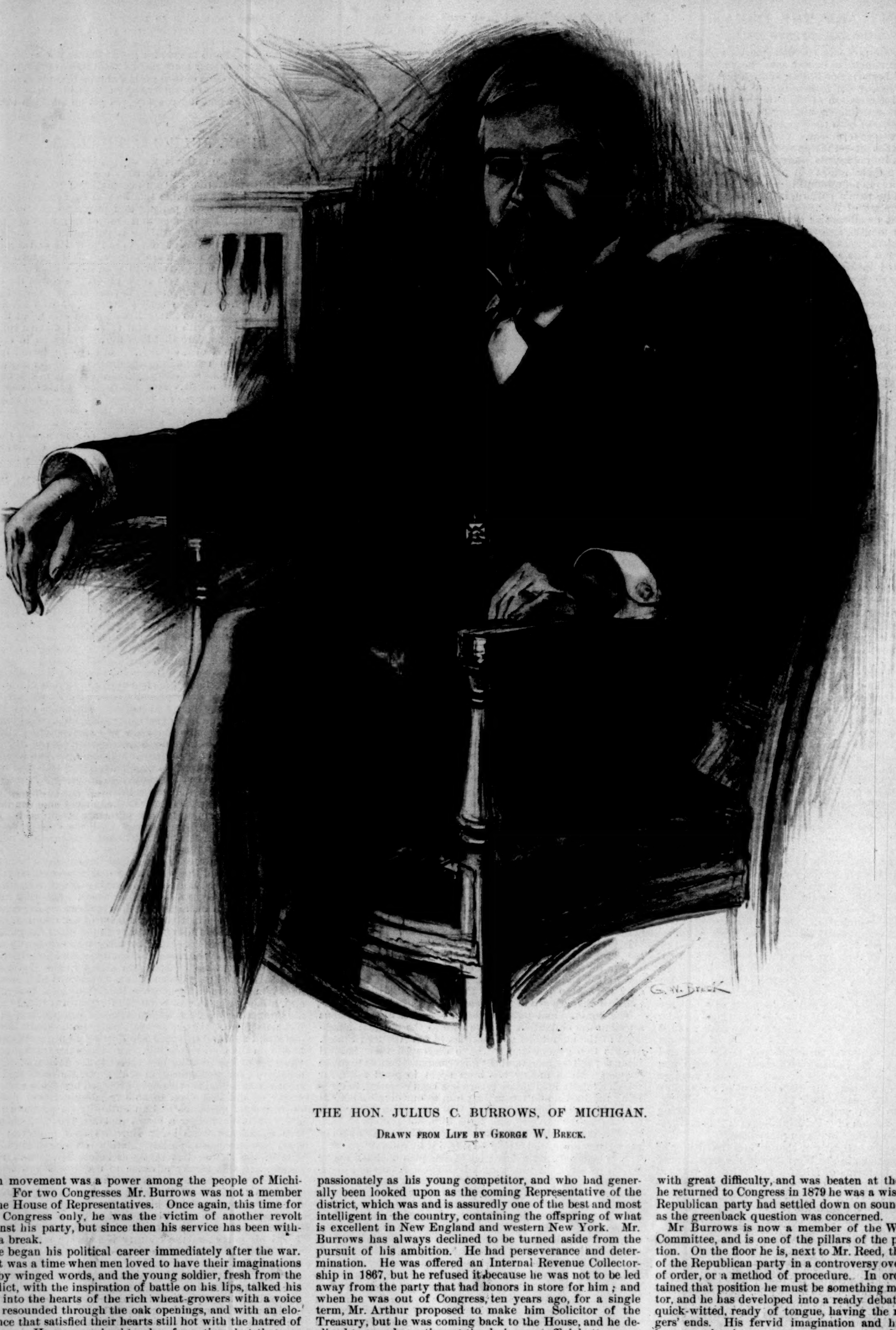
HON. JULIUS C. BURROWS.

AFTER a service in the House of Representatives reaching back twenty-one years, Mr. Burrows has developed into an adroit parliamentarian and an accomplished leader on the floor. It is hardly probable that he will ever be *the* leader, or that his advice as to policies and programmes will ever be dominating. He belongs to a class of men who are not rare in any country where there is parliamentary government, but who are especially useful in the rough and tumble of our own popular branch of Congress. They are men who really follow when they seem to lead, but without whom their party would make very little progress towards the accomplishments of its objects. They are not only the scouts sent forward to test the enemy's strength, to draw his fire, and to be counted on to return it with good effect, but they lead grand charges with dash and spirit, and make a splendid show of the warfare that they are carrying on in common with the rest of their side. They are panoplied in a magnificent and resounding vocabulary, and on a great many ears sonorous sentences make the same impressions as arguments do on minds. Not that these colonels of debate, the uhlans and hussars of a parliamentary body, are armed with no more deadly weapons than their shouts, but to the spectators of the fray the shouts are blood-stirring, and to some the quickening of the pulse brings convictions quite as disturbing and as conclusive, so far as the interests of others are concerned, as the movements of the gray matter to steadier minds.

All this is not said for the purpose of belittling Mr. Burrows, but rather to classify him, to take him out from the general mass of the House of Representatives, and to place him among the men who have gained their places in public life by a gift of speech which some have called divine, but which is certainly dangerous. Indeed, to some the gift of oratory is fatal, for if one can accomplish with words what others must do with study and thought, the temptation to rest the burdens of life on the lips rather than on the nerves and brain is wellnigh irresistible. Mr. Burrows, however, is more than one of these. He is pre-eminent among them. It is no mere gift that he exercises, for whether he has labored over himself or has had the principle of growth within him, he is a much larger pattern of a statesman than when he made his first appearance in Congress, now nearly twenty-one years ago. In one thing, indeed, it is clear that he has done much labor, and that is in mastering the technicalities of his profession, which has grown to be that of a member of the House of Representatives. He knows the ins and the outs of its rules, and while he could not have been the author of the great departure which Mr. Reed inaugurated in the transaction of legislative business, and while his acquired principles were doubtless shocked by the rude and sudden violation of precedents, traditions, philosophies, and law which is working out into a new system that will bring parliamentary proceedings more into harmony with modern life, he could deftly defend his leader after he had mastered his brief. Mr. Burrows has a certain friendliness of mind, very like the charming manner which makes him one of the popular men in Congress, towards the ideas of those who control the organization to which he has always shown a most devoted loyalty.

He belongs to a race of men whose imaginations were first fired in the war of the rebellion. It is a race which is not only passing away, but which is giving place to quite another race, also the product of its times, a race that calculates, is intent on business, and that realizes the importance of material things in the government of the country. Mr. Burrows has shown his superiority to the other imaginative men with whom he began his career by keeping up with the changes and progressions that have characterized the years during which he has been aiding in the making of laws. His facility of speech has not mastered him, has not kept him trailing in the dust of the armies of a generation ago, although he is still enough of a political artist to use the properties of the rebellion when he can produce an effect with them. It is, however, greatly to his credit that he can speak as vigorously and as effectively on a tariff bill as he did on the civil rights bill. He shows the enormous advantages of the training of a career in the House of Representatives, for the education which Mr. Burrows had obtained from actual service has developed him from a stump-orator of the first class to an exceedingly clever debater on economic questions and an authority on parliamentary law. It is no longer a secret that Mr. Carlisle, when he was Speaker, regarded Mr. Burrows as the deftest and most accomplished parliamentarian on the Republican side of the House; but that was before Mr. Reed's revolution. In this steady advance to usefulness and leadership lies a lesson to many constituencies, who are too much in the habit of throwing away promising material. If Mr. Burrows had had his two terms twenty years ago, and had then been called back to the practice of the law at Kalamazoo, Michigan, of how much real value would he now be to his party and the country if he were returned once more to the House in these days of economics? Probably his speech on the Wilson bill would be confined to the theme, "The Southern Brigadiers in the Saddle." Certainly the wool-protectionists would not write, as they did, to all the principal sheep-raisers in the country to send their statistics, experiences, and arguments to Mr. Burrows because he had been selected as the champion of the wool-protectionists, and wanted facts for his coming effort in behalf of dear clothes.

Mr. Burrows was thirty-five years old when he was first elected to Congress, and he is now fifty-seven years old. He was born in Pennsylvania, and received what is known in the Congressional Directory as a "common-school and academic education." He became a lawyer, but when he was twenty-five years old he entered the army of volunteers and was an officer. He was a Captain in 1864. He had gone to what was then the West, and had become a citizen of Kalamazoo, in Michigan, and there he has lived and flourished ever since, the favorite of the rich farmers of that wonderfully fruitful land in the southern part of the State. They have twice turned their backs on him during this comparatively long period. In 1874 they elected a Liberal Republican, because southern Michigan was then not a greenback section, while one of the great leaders of the Liberal Repub-



THE HON. JULIUS C. BURROWS, OF MICHIGAN.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

lican movement was a power among the people of Michigan. For two Congresses Mr. Burrows was not a member of the House of Representatives. Once again, this time for one Congress only, he was the victim of another revolt against his party, but since then his service has been without a break.

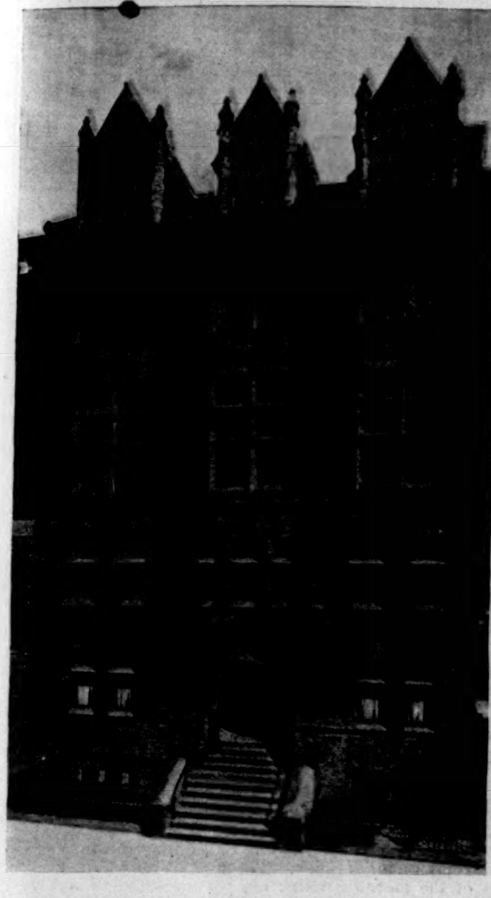
He began his political career immediately after the war. That was a time when men loved to have their imaginations fed by winged words, and the young soldier, fresh from the conflict, with the inspiration of battle on his lips, talked his way into the hearts of the rich wheat-growers with a voice that resounded through the oak openings, and with an eloquence that satisfied their hearts still hot with the hatred of the war. He was a school-teacher for a time, but the year after the war he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the county, and for two years the farmers who sat upon the juries that were drawn from every town of the jurisdiction had an opportunity to listen to his speeches and to judge of his eloquence. He had enemies not a few. His history during these years would be a romance of an effort to be a member of Congress. There is no doubt that Mr. Burrows held his power of speech in high esteem, and he had a mastering ambition to test it in the hall of the House of Representatives. It was an honorable ambition, and the struggle to gratify it was carried on in the honorable manner in which politicians still test their strength with the people in parts of the country remote from Fourteenth Street. He met his principal opponent in the open controversy of debate, and he triumphed over a man who, until Mr. Burrows came upon the public scene, had been accounted the orator of the country-side, a man who had done much for his party, who had longed for Congressional honors as passionately as his young competitor, and who had generally been looked upon as the coming Representative of the district, which was and is assuredly one of the best and most intelligent in the country, containing the offspring of what is excellent in New England and western New York. Mr. Burrows has always declined to be turned aside from the pursuit of his ambition. He had perseverance and determination. He was offered an Internal Revenue Collectorship in 1867, but he refused it because he was not to be led away from the party that had honors in store for him; and when he was out of Congress, ten years ago, for a single term, Mr. Arthur proposed to make him Solicitor of the Treasury, but he was coming back to the House, and he declined to spend any time at the desk as an official attorney.

When he first entered Congress his enemies used to speak of him as the "Columbian Orator," that being the title of a book of eloquent extracts much spouted on Friday afternoons in the school-houses of the middle West. It is not probable that the name sticks to him. It is true that he was ornate and oratorical, and that he was not "thorough," but he had a very attractive way of putting points which made his speeches, from the first, excellent campaign documents. In 1874 the currency question was uppermost, and an inflation bill was before Congress. Senator Ferry, who lived in Mr. Burrows's part of Michigan, was the inflation leader in the Senate, and Mr. Burrows followed him. He even had the temerity to make a speech in favor of the "blood-stained greenback." He was just beginning to acquire his education on public questions, and he went wrong after a leader who, he supposed, truly represented western Michigan. He soon discovered his mistake, for he obtained his renomination, which is customarily bestowed as a matter of courtesy, with great difficulty, and was beaten at the polls. When he returned to Congress in 1879 he was a wiser man, and the Republican party had settled down on sound ground so far as the greenback question was concerned.

Mr Burrows is now a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and is one of the pillars of the policy of protection. On the floor he is, next to Mr. Reed, the chief reliance of the Republican party in a controversy over a rule, a point of order, or a method of procedure. In order to have obtained that position he must be something more than an orator, and he has developed into a ready debater, cool-headed, quick-witted, ready of tongue, having the rules at his fingers' ends. His fervid imagination and his poetic fancy have no play in a controversy over precedents and technicalities, and it is a curious fact that this man, who loves to deal in generalities in the discussion of large questions, is very minute and particular in his treatment of parliamentary points. The explanation is that he has learned the rules and the various interpretations of them.

It is as an orator, however, that Mr. Burrows will always be most distinguished and best known. His voice has sounded the anthem of the doctrine of protection from one end of the country to the other. It must be difficult, one would think, to soar with imagery and to kindle with enthusiasm on *ad valorem* or specific rates, on pig-iron and wool-growing, but Mr. Burrows does all this so well that one who listens to him must long to hear him speak for human rights and personal liberty. If he would only break forth into exuberant oratory in behalf of universal freedom, and if the voice that now resounds for the manufacturer could be lifted up for the people, how much greater would be his artistic opportunity!

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



BRIERLY SCHOOL, 44th STREET NEAR 5th AVENUE.

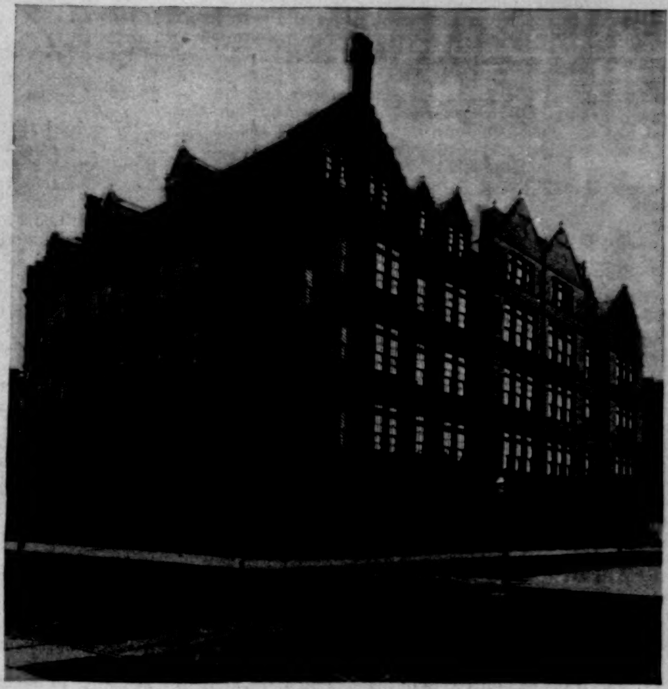
NEW CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

The recent and current architectural movement in New York has not produced its most memorable or noteworthy results in church-building. In most departments it is incontestably true that the latest buildings are the best. Conspicuously is this true of dwellings and of commercial buildings, in which the greatest successes of the present generation of architects have been won. But it is not true of the churches. There will not be much dissent from the proposition that Trinity is still the most admirable of these, and Trinity is almost half a century old, while of the others that would occur to the mind of the ordinary New-Yorker as at once the most conspicuous and the most impressive, or even as the most conspicuous, the ages range from twenty to forty years. St. Patrick's Cathedral is about the youngest of the churches of "the Avenue," and the white marble of St. Patrick's, excepting in the more recent spires, is already assuming a grimy and weather-worn aspect. The west side is in itself no mean city, and it has, moreover, been for some years the asylum of the churches that have been made homeless by the march of improvements downtown; and yet it does not contain more than a dozen or so of churches, and of these St. Agnes' Chapel is the only one that is very eminent for magnitude and costliness.

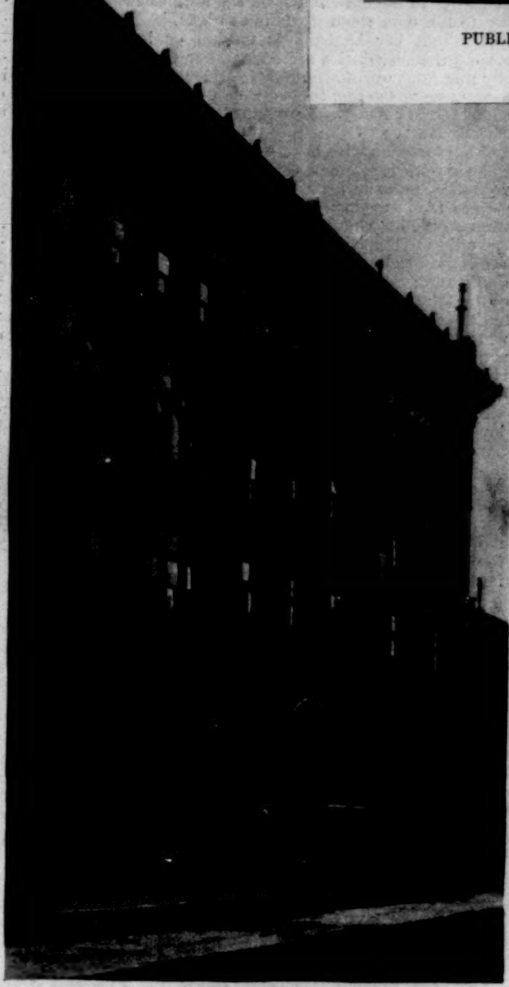
The new edifice of the Fourth Presbyterian Church at West End Avenue and Ninety-first Street is one of the notable churches of the west side, and gains an additional notability from being the first work in ecclesiastical architecture actually executed in New York by the young architects whose design has been accepted for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was dedicated a few weeks ago, and it is a curious illustration of the migration of the centre of New York that this should be the sixth building and the fifth site that the church has occupied since its organization in 1785, the first site being at Nassau Street and Maiden Lane, and the last, excepting the new one, in Thirty-fourth Street near Broadway. Architecturally the church is a decorous edifice, showing no departure from the accepted Gothic tradition, except in its one striking feature. This is the unusually broad west window with perpendicular tracery, of which the archway is continued to the ground, enclosing the three arched entrances of the church. The feature is as effective as it is novel, and the more effective from the quietness and even conventionality of the treatment elsewhere.

All Angels' Church, at West End Avenue and Eighty-first Street, offers a very wide departure from the conventional model of a Gothic church; but it is manifest that the departure proceeds not from caprice or a striving after novelty, but from reason. Interior length is the most effective and desirable dimension in a city church, and the hardest to attain on the ordinary site of only the depth of a city lot. It is evident that the longest line that can be laid out in a square is the diagonal, and this mathematical fact has been taken advantage of, in the present instance, to arrange the axis of the church on the diagonal of the site. Of course the arrangement would not be feasible except upon a corner lot, but on a corner lot its advantages are plain. It enforces, as will be seen, an entirely new disposition of all the principal parts of a Gothic church—the aisles, the transepts, and the clere-story. Much is to be pardoned in a first attempt so radical; and the difficulties of the problem have not all been vanquished here, although the church, with its retreating and diverging aisles, its conspicuous transepts, and its massive tower, with the projected bell-cote, forms a picturesque as well as a necessarily striking object. The advantages of the novel form for the accommodation of a congregation have already impressed the projectors of another church building near by, who have reproduced it, but without by any means attaining even the moderate success of their original. Their church front is a frontispiece, evidently a mask rather than a face for the edifice behind it, and not at all an attractive mask, though the lower lateral buildings are effective by their design as well as by their disposition. It may be expected, however, that the scheme of All Angels' will be more artistically wrought out hereafter.

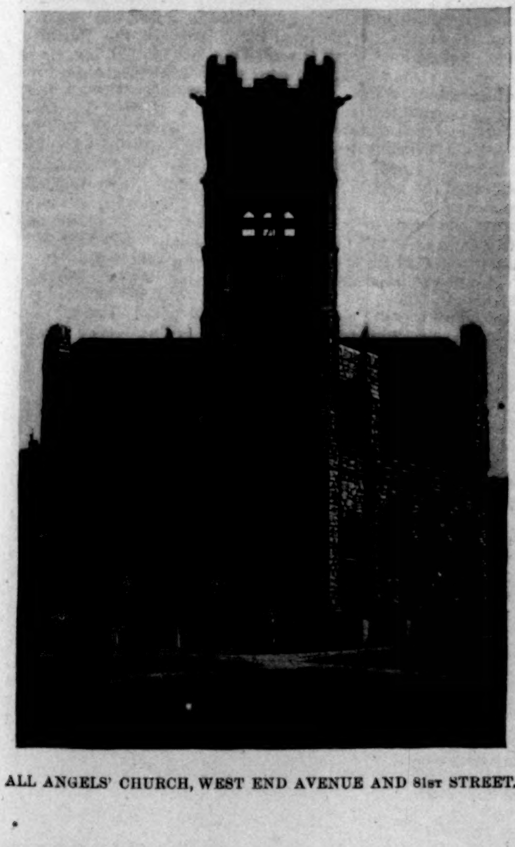
The municipal architecture of New York, it will be agreed, is not one of the civic possessions in which we can take pride. Every department that has any building to do does it in its own way, and the results are various, but mostly bad. The Department of Charities and Correction has for some years been fortunately inspired in its choice of architects, and of late the Fire Department has been fortunate among boards in the design not only of its headquarters, but of several of its new engine-houses. But the Board of Education, the greatest building department of all, and that of which the building has been most influential, has, from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, been uniformly ill-advised. In fact, it has not been advised at all, for it is difficult to believe that the edifices from which the youth of the town have mainly imbibed their notions of public architecture and formed their architectural taste have been devised by a man who even professed himself an architect. And yet these school-houses, which were naturally accepted as all proper by the children doomed to inhabit them, were regarded with a fatuous complacency by the officials who were responsible for them, and who even bragged about them in public as "models." It is not praising such a building as the new public school at Madison Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street very highly—in fact, the designer might consider that it was damning it with very faint praise—to say that it is a very great advance in point of architecture upon any public school that was extant even five years ago. The new school-house does, in



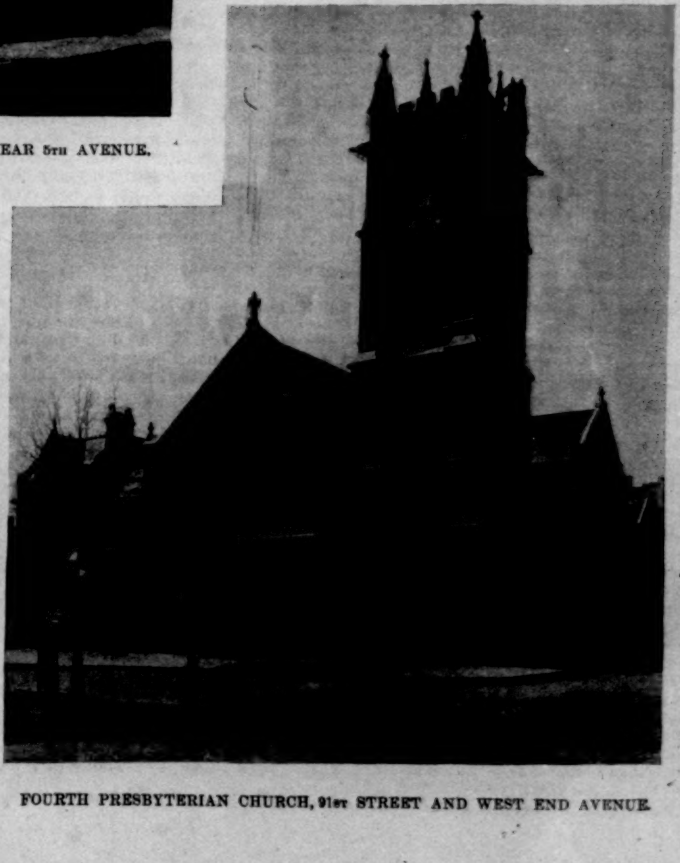
PUBLIC SCHOOL, 85th STREET AND MADISON AVENUE.



BERKELEY SCHOOL, 44th STREET NEAR 5th AVENUE.



ALL ANGELS' CHURCH, WEST END AVENUE AND 81st STREET.



FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 91st STREET AND WEST END AVENUE.

point of fact, leave something to be desired in point of expression, but it shows an intelligent notion of architectural composition and an educated architect's knowledge of architectural detail, and as an earnest of better things it is of very great value. For it is not only the architecture, but also, and even more, the planning of our school-houses that is in need of the trained intelligence of the architect, and that has suffered just as, until within a few years, our domestic building suffered from the acceptance by the boss builder of the current pattern as a model that could not be improved upon, because nobody capable of improving upon it had ever taken it in hand. Now that the architect has at last been admitted even to the work of building public schools, from which he has so long been rigorously excluded, he will find a field very much in need of cultivation. It is much to be hoped that the Board of Education will take advantage of the appropriation that the Governor has approved, of $1,500,000 for new school-houses, to have the new buildings planned and designed by capable architects.

The private school as an object of architecture is a novelty in New York. It is doubtful whether there was a building in the city even three or four years ago that had been designed for such a purpose. In spite of the advantages, practical as well as æsthetic, of a specially designed and constructed building, and of the unsuitability to that purpose of a dwelling-house, a dwelling-house, remodelled or left without remodelling, has been the habitat of the private school. It is fortunate for the wayfaring man as well as for the school-boy or school-girl that the more rational practice has begun to obtain. West Forty-fourth Street, just out of Fifth Avenue, like the street next below, is becoming rather a show street in an architectural sense, and its most distinguished ornaments thus far are two school-houses. That of the Berkeley School is a spirited and successful piece of free classic, especially successful in the contrast between the massive and simple basement in gray stone and the superstructure in buff brick and buff terra-cotta. The central feature of the superstructure, an Ionic portico of two columns between piers, is also effective, and would be more so if the columns were of massive masonry, and not built up of small blocks of terra-cotta. Above the columns the architect has had the happy thought of introducing a fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, on the original scale, or nearly so. This may be granted to be an appropriate frontispiece for a classical school, but it justifies itself even better as a very effective piece of decoration.

The other school, in red brick and brown sandstone, is an entirely free and modern performance, but is carried out with skill and discretion to a very attractive result. The architect deserves especial credit for showing a consideration for his neighbors that is as unusual among the artistic as among the inartistic architects of New York, who are in the habit of designing houses in blocks as though they were lodges in some vast wilderness. The next neighbor of the Brierly school did not seem to deserve any special consideration, but the architect of the newer building has considered it by prolonging the chief lines of it across his own front, to the manifest advantage of both buildings. Apart from this, his own work is very successful. Its crowning feature, the stone-framed dormers emerging from a steep and projecting roof, is one of the most picturesque "bits" that New York has to offer an artist's sketch-book or an appreciative kodak, and, indeed, recalls much more romantic and Old-Worldly towns, though without a direct reproduction of any model.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

CONVICTIONS on the woman-suffrage question seem to exist like freckles or curly hair, altogether irrespective of argument. The chief end of a good many of the arguments seems to be to demonstrate how much can be said on the other side. For example, there is the foreboding of the antis (for a foreboding is a sort of argument) that suffrage would deprive women of some of their privileges. I don't know what privilege a woman would lose because she had the right to vote. She would be just as indispensable to man as ever, and man would try just as hard to propitiate her. He would continue to take off his hat to her in the street, if that was the custom in his set, and would sometimes give her his seat in the street car. He does those things because she is a woman, and he wants to please her, not because he is a voter and she isn't.

The single privilege that woman suffrage is likely to cost the suffragists is the privilege of maintaining that man is an ogre and a tyrant because he won't let women vote. That is a privilege without which some of the suffragists will feel very rudderless and unbalanced. What hard things some of them say of the men! One lady who ought to know whereof she speaks is quoted in print as maintaining that the desire of women for the ballot "springs chiefly from the terrible insecurity under which all women live so long as they have no voice in making the laws affecting their lives, their property, and their honor." Is it possible that women live in terrible insecurity in New York State under laws made by men? They should buy guns at once, and learn to use them, for pretty much everything that legislation can do to make them safe has been done already, and votes can't make them any safer.

What queer things women can persuade themselves to believe about Man! Mrs. Stanton says that the indifference of men to women's appeals for their rights will be the darkest page in the future history of New York. There is one cure for all exaggerated arguments in favor of woman suffrage, which is to go and hear some one argue against it. Get a man who is thoroughly persuaded that he is the oak and that his wife is the ivy, and a little talk with him is a wonderful help to an understanding of how little, comparatively, there is to be said against woman suffrage that really needs attention.

If women ever get the ballot in New York State, the concession will be generally accepted as a proof of the New York man's supreme confidence in womankind. It will be such a proof, but even more it will be a proof of his very high opinion of himself. He has no idea of being any more thoroughly governed by women than he is now, or of having things any less his own way than at present. So long as he is afraid that women as a sex will boss him at the polls he won't give them a chance. If he invites them to vote, it will be because of his entire confidence in the superior facilities of his sex for political leadership, and of his realization that woman's true interests and his own are inseparably identical.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York (7 East Fifteenth Street) has issued an illustrated hand-book, which will be sent free to any address upon application. It tells all about the association's work, giving details of its classes, rules, committees, buildings, and undertakings, and makes very clear the usefulness and importance of the work, in aid of which the association particularly desires just now the contributions of its friends.

"Resolved, that the higher education unfits man for matrimony," is said to have been the subject of a recent debate in a literary society at Vassar College, and the ayes won. The statement of the case was incomplete. Matrimony is so different a thing in different countries that a man too highly educated to be a husband in one country might marry safely enough in another. Mr. Price Collier's article in the May *Forum* about "English and American Home Life" suggests that a man unfit for matrimony in America might still make a serviceable and satisfactory husband in England. The English home, as Mr. Collier represents it, is a place where the man of the house is ministered unto in all things, that his strength may be the more equal to the demands made on it in the competitive struggle which he carries on outside of it. But the American home, as Mr. Collier sees it, is a place where the American man beguiles the leisure wrested from the distractions of business in trying to make the American woman comfortable. Mr. Collier does not so much insist that the Englishman is a more successful domestic tyrant than the American, as that the competition he has to meet is keener, and the need of saving his strength and keeping him in fighting trim more inexorable. A debating society is always equal to any question. Perhaps the one at Vassar can settle whether Mr. Collier is right, and more is really done at home for the Englishman than for his American brother.

The American home does not seem to be made any too comfortable for the American farmer's wife. Octave Thanet draws a harrowing picture of her, "a faded, haggard, sallow woman, tired from the weary rising in the dark winter mornings to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs at night." Yet it is not asserted that her husband is unkind or inconsiderate, but merely that her duties are beyond her strength. The remedy that most readily suggests itself is that the farmer should have more wives and the work be divided, but of course no contemporary American woman would listen to a suggestion of polygamy, and probably the farmer would object also. Yet the farmer's wife in this generation has lighter work in at least one particular than her grandmother. She toils, doubtless, but she doesn't spin, and her husband buys his clothes ready-made. Does any one think that woman suffrage would help her? It seems doubtful. What she needs, it would appear, is not so much more rights as more privileges, and the antis say she can't have both, though it is the general opinion of mankind that rights and privileges go together. What she needs most is more ability on her husband's part to help her, and that means better prices for wheat, but any general access of consideration for women would benefit her, and whatever promotes that, whether it is woman suffrage or mere religion, will tend to bridge the disparity between her strength and her day.

Meanwhile some millions of American farmers' wives enjoy pretty good health, and raise successful families, and have daughters or hired girls to help them, and have just as much fun as other people. It doesn't do to be sorry for half the women in the country in a lump merely because they work hard. There is not sympathy enough to go around at that rate. Ask any American woman who employs more than two servants if the greatest blessing in life is not the ability to do one's own house-work. Octave Thanet's farmer's wife has that felicity at least.

The sentiment is strong in New England that holidays are made for the people, and not people for the holidays. Fast day in Massachusetts has been revised to meet the popular demand. In Maine the Commander of the G.A.R. has protested because the nine of Bates College has arranged to play baseball with Tufts on Decoration day, but his protest is vain. The college lads, like the rest of the population, are more disposed to regard the 30th of May as a glorious holiday than a mournful one. They have sentiments about the men who died in the war, but they are better expressed by the flag at the top of the pole than half-way up. There is no longer a national sentiment of grief for the dead who died for the Union. What grief still survives is personal. The national sentiment is rather of rejoicing that the Union was saved.

A great boom is reported in baseball. Why the interest in baseball should vary so much from year to year is somewhat puzzling. Perhaps the stir this year is due to the fact that money-making has not yet regained its full grip upon the popular attention, and that baseball as a pastime is comparatively cheap. The surplus energy and surplus money that found their way last year to Chicago will flow this season into many channels that suffered drought last year. It ought to be a good year for summer schools, as well as for all sorts of sports.

E. S. MARTIN.

OLD HOME SHOPS OF NEW ENGLAND.

NEARLY all of the old homesteads that are scattered about the South Shore have standing near them a one-story out-building with shingled roof and sides, unpainted, save with nature's moss, and having a look of age greater, often, than the homestead, or even the gnarled apple-trees about the shady yard. Fastened to the ridge-pole may be a full-rigged ship that keeps head to the wind, or a whale, a codfish, or a mackerel. Enter, and you will probably find a man well past middle life, with white beard and hair, who impresses you as one well acquainted with the practical side of life. If he has not been around the world, his sons or brothers have. He has a collection of curiosities that are, in part, a family history, in part a personal diary, each relic a text for a story, perchance of piracy in the China seas, with himself or son as the hero, or of long ago, with his ancestor, who came over in the *Mayflower*, as the principal character.

In a space at the most twenty-five feet square, in the little out-building, are forge, anvil, lathe, vises, and benches for every kind of wood, metal, or leather work. The owner could make you a ship, or a steam-engine, a house, or a pair of shoes. This white-haired man is representative of a race that grew up in these shops of the South Shore; from earliest boyhood he has worked in wood and metal, he has held the hammer, plane, or file. For generations, if anything was wanted for the household, here it was made.

Though the local importance of these shops has declined since capital has consolidated all manufactures (greater ship-yards and factories, built elsewhere, having left the old independent shops little to do), their influence on the New England mind will not die out. Still, as of yore, the shop door stands open for the returned son or brother. The Jack-of-all-trades was born and brought up here, and in spite of the adage he has helped to revolutionize the industrial world. The South and West, as well as the East, owe much to these old shops, in which the Yankee was trained for that career of peaceful conquest in the field of invention that has done so much for the industrial progress of this country.

THE MORNING WATCH.

ON board a man-o'-war the day's work begins before the sun is fairly above the wide horizon. Every morning, before the crew are piped to breakfast, the morning watch are sanding and holy-stoning, sousing the white decks with bucket and hose, and rushing the water out of the scuppers with deck-brush and "squilgee." It is the beginning of the ship's toilet, and her toilet lasts from the first bright streaks in the east until the hammocks are piped down at night. Even on Sunday this everlasting scrubbing and polishing is not remitted altogether, for the sailors have a rhyme that runs thus:

"Six days shalt thou work, and do all what thou art able;
On the seventh, holy-stone the deck and paint the cable."

A man-o'-war is the busiest place in the world, for a busy crew is the only happy one. In the morning, under the direction of the officer of the deck and the master-at-arms (who is the first man to turn out in the morning and the last to turn in at night), the watch scrub and plash about barelegged until the sun shines down and dries the soaking deck. Each man has had a cup of coffee and a biscuit, but they have an hour of work to get through with before they are summoned by the shrilling pipes of the bo'sun's mates to the more substantial meal on the mess-deck below. The galley fires are lit, and the savory smell of cooking blows off to leeward with the smoke of the great yellow funnels.

"Jackie" is full of pranks, and if he can accidentally souse an unwary marine or a comrade who is unprepared, he does so; he seldom can withstand the temptation, and the wardroom steward on his way to the bridge with the coffee for the officer on watch is Jack's especial prey.

Nowadays the sailor-man goes about with a monkey-wrench and an oil-can; in the olden time it was a clasp-knife and a marline-spike. Throughout the service the duties of the morning watch are yet the same, though very different are the life and the drill on the various kinds of ships still in commission in our navy. We have yet a few of the old sailing-vessels that stretch their great yards out over the water, and whose broadsides are made up of old "soda-bottle" guns that are moved into place with the old-fashioned roller handspikes; and, strange to say, they are the popular vessels. Jack is taking gradually to the wrench and oil-can, but he must (if he is an old sailor) regret the towers of canvas and the rivalry of the topmen. Probably the last thing to go will be the "squilgee" and the holy-stone

AMATEUR·SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

V.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.—IV.

TRACK AND FIELD.

ATHLETICS have been one of the characteristics of town and country life in England as far back as anything that has ever been written on the subject carries us, and to comment, therefore, on present-day university athletics without touching a bit on the earlier history would be to put forth an incomplete story. Besides which, Oxford and Cambridge fathered the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, and university history in its turn becomes really that of (comparatively) modern English athletics.

Of the very earliest English athletics it is only pertinent to say here that there appears to have been no period when they did not thrive, even, though somewhat less vigorously, during the political ascendency of the Puritans. Their determined warfare waged against football lost much of its bitterness when directed upon athletics, opposition being chiefly confined to Sunday playing. Unlike football, too, athletics received much consideration at the royal court, and were not only looked upon with favor, but became a not-inconsiderable feature of its out-of-town entertainment. Royalty itself, both by precept and example, encouraged the people in running and jumping, wrestling, and games with the weights. Some pretty tall stories, that go to prove the lonely fisherman not to have been, indeed, the first of Ananias's many descendants, are handed down to us of the prowess of these early athletes, among others that Henry V. was so swift and tireless a runner that it was quite common amusement for him, aided by two of his lords, to run down and capture a deer in the royal park! It is not unlikely the said King's quarry was the prototype of the present Queen's half-tamed stags, which, after having their antlers sawed off, are carted to the Meet and turned out to be chased by hounds (that are on terms of perfect familiarity with them), and followed by a large field of mounted men and women, who fancy they are having great sport. Still another story is of a man who ran twenty miles in less than one and a half hours, which puts Mr. W. H. Morton's (amateur) world-beating performance of 1 h. 52 m. 51⅕ sec. (March 22, 1890) rather in the shade.

However impossible these yarns may be, the fact is that athletics were very popular during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, waned a bit under "Puritan England" the first half of the seventeenth, but during the latter part of the seventeenth, after the Restoration, entered upon a regular nineteenth-century boom. An athletic wave set in that spread throughout the kingdom, and each holiday was made an excuse for fairs at which sports of every known description were held. Some of these games were more curious than sporting, as, for instance, I find the programmes included such extraordinary novelties as "girls running for smocks, old women drinking hot tea for snuff, grinning through horse-collars, jumping in sacks for a cheese, hunting a pig with a soaped tail, whistling and spinning matches," besides foot-racing at various distances, a programme that, while more startlingly unique, is not so sporting as the following list of events for an all-round competition that was given along in the fifties of the present century—"a mile run, walking backwards a mile, rolling a coach-wheel a mile, leaping over fifty 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, stone-picking, and weight-putting."

With all the great activity in sport, and the innumerable opportunities afforded athletes of this time, it is passing strange there were no distinctive amateur meetings. It is true that these fair games had, of course, a certain percentage of contestants who entered for sport rather than personal aggrandizement, yet no distinguishing line had been drawn, and amateurs neither held recognized meetings nor were systematically organized. In the latter half of the eighteenth century they made a movement towards uniting, but little came of it, and that little had almost entirely disappeared by 1825. It was not until between the forties and fifties that amateurs began earnestly to bestir themselves, and even then their first appearance in games was under assumed names, curiously enough, since the never-withdrawn patronage of royalty, which ever had unbounded faith in leaping and running as the best physical training for the nation's soldiers, would seem to have placed rather an honorable mark upon such recreation.

The sport of "the people," however, which by this time had developed a widespread professional element, went on uninterruptedly, though the growth of a class that sought it as a means of livelihood raised a standard of skill that lessened popular participation, and gradually decreased the number of fairs until they disappeared entirely.

The first professional athlete was evolved from the running footman of the gentry. It was quite the thing, at the time of which I have been writing, for country gentlemen to match their foot-grooms at short distances, and thus they developed from being carriers of messages into carriers of their employers' wagers, and to trained athletes hired and kept because of their qualifications as sprinters rather than as serving-men. A speedy foot-groom became as necessary an acquisition to every gentleman's establishment as his hunter, and although probably not costing so much, was regarded with equal solicitude. It was an easy transition into professionalism for those running grooms, who would naturally after a time turn their skill to their own account, instead of to their masters', from whom they received only a good servant's berth in return.

Although undoubtedly there had been English school games at which running was an important feature, and we do know for a certainty that the Rugby "crick run" was begun as early as 1837, while personal diaries tell of 100-yard hurdle-races at Eton the same year, yet the first organized amateur athletic meeting was not held until 1840, and is accredited to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, which, however, abandoned the event four years later.

Exeter College, at Oxford, has the most authentic record and the clearest title to the honor of being the first (in 1850) to inaugurate annual athletic meetings, a direct result, as detailed in the rowing article of this series, of steeple-chasing among members of the same college. Among the colleges, Lincoln (Oxford) was next, followed by St. John's and Emmanuel at Cambridge, while at Oxford Balliol, Wadham, Pembroke, and Worcester gave games in '56, Oriel in '57, Merton in '58, Christ Church in '59, and two years later all the colleges were holding separate meetings.

Of the schools, Rugby was of course first to give attention to athletics by the "crick run" in '37, but it is not credited with regular athletic meetings until '56, whereas Eton, in addition to its claims to hurdle-races in '37, began its athletic meetings with steeple-chase, sprint, and hurdle-races in '45, while Kensington Grammar-school was on the field in '52; and Harrow, although some years behind its great rival, was at work in '53, and thus among the athletic pioneers. Of the others, Winchester began in '57, and Westminster and Charter-house both in '61. Previous to these regular meetings nearly all the schools had hare-and-hound chases, which were, I have no doubt, in various forms, the very beginning of all organized sport among boys.

Of the more skill-requiring games the hurdle seems to have been the earliest at all the first college athletic sports, since, as already stated, Eton had introduced it in '37, while C. N. Jackson, the athletic mentor of Oxford, so early as '65 made a 16-second record for 120 yards that has not yet been excelled in England.

Cambridge as a university turned its attention to athletics in '57, three years before Oxford, but the latter from the very first made it an annual event, whereas Cambridge did not do so until '63. The first Oxford-Cambridge meeting was held in '64 at Oxford, on the Christ Church cricket-grounds, the programme consisting of eight events, of which each won four; but in '67 they went to London, where the contests have since been annually decided. Trinity College, Dublin University, had athletic games in '57, but the first meeting of Edinburgh University is not recorded.

Once the universities and public schools had taken to athletics, its adoption by the young men of the country generally followed as a natural sequence. So it happened that after having lain dormant for many years—for by this time all the great activity and fairs of the earlier period had become mere memories of the past—there came once again a boom, and track athletics renewed its youth. It was rather more of a babyhood at first, and toddled along uncertainly for several years; but the need of just such exercise was felt in the land, and with the additional impetus given by the annual contribution from the universities strength and surety replaced feebleness and uncertainty. Yet the meetings were few and far between for some time, and the amateur remained uncared for; he competed under his own name or a fictitious one, for money or trophies, and against whomsoever he pleased. The Honorable Artillery Company held a meeting in '58 that made a worthy effort to give him his rightful standing, but little came of it, and really the first for amateurs only was given in '62 by an enterprising promoter of professional handicaps. The meeting was very successful, and as a result the following year gave birth to the Mincing Lane Athletic Club, which held games in '64, and for a couple of years enjoyed the distinction of being the only athletic club in Great Britain that made any pretence of fostering amateurs. It was not to be supposed that a club formed through the commercial zeal of a man associated with professional running would satisfy the awakening amateur spirit, and in '66 a number of university men organized the Amateur Athletic Club for the purpose of supplying the want of an established field, upon which they could meet and contests be decided without rubbing elbows with professionals. They gave the first amateur championship of England that same year, and in 1868 opened the famous Lillie Bridge grounds, which forthwith became the amateur headquarters of Great Britain.

The Amateur Athletic Club did much for the good of sport, and stood alone as the champion of the amateur (outside Oxford and Cambridge and the schools), and without

(*Continued on page 476.*)

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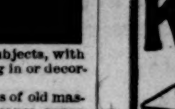

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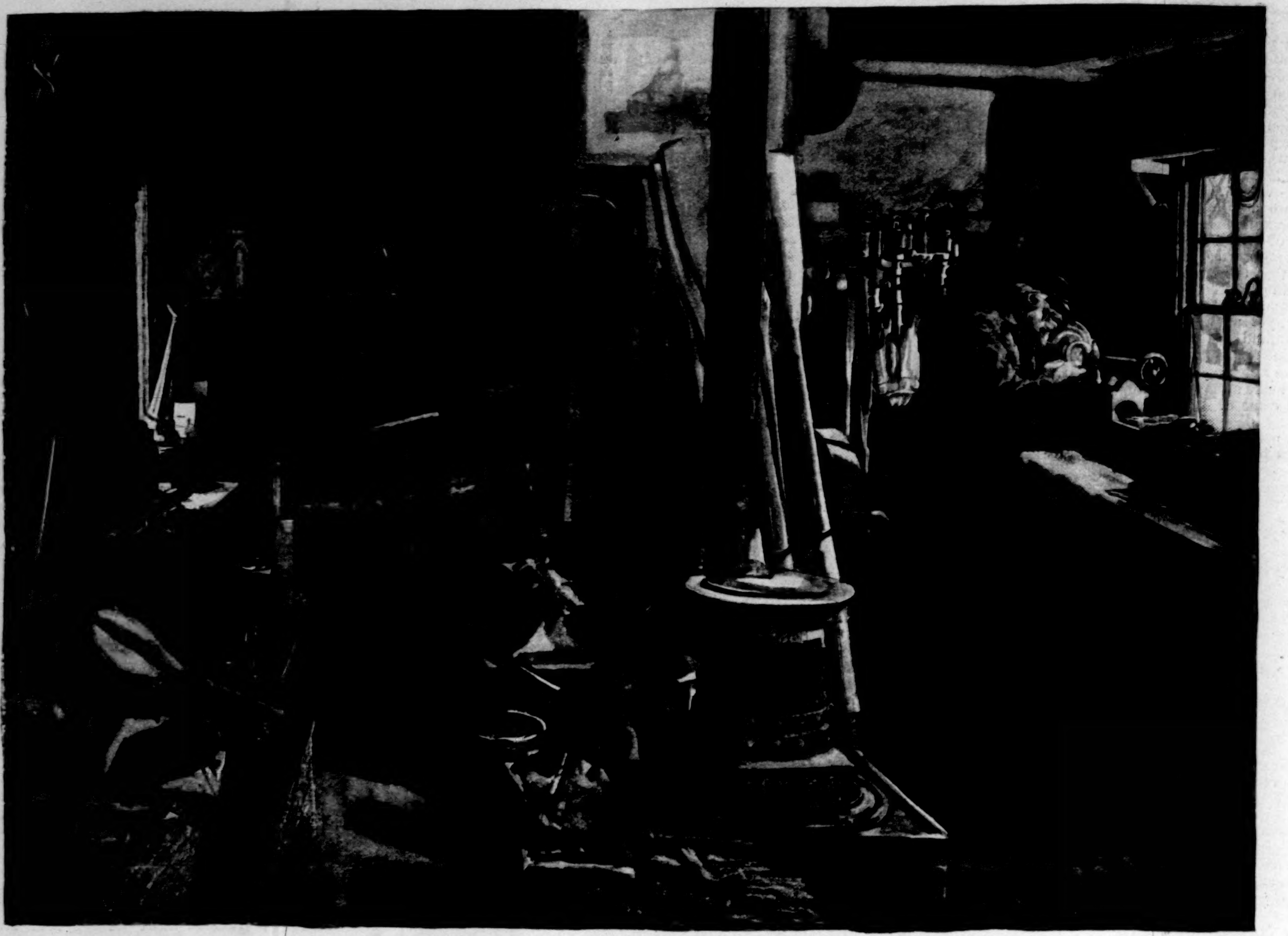

OLD HOME SHOPS OF NEW ENGLAND.—DRAWN BY GEORGE ERRINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 474.]

Oxford-Cambridge. 1864.		American Inter-collegiate. 1876.
Event.	Performance.	Performance.
100 yards	10 1-2 sec.	10 3-4 sec.
440 "	56 "	56 "
880 "		2 m. 16 1-2 "
Mile walk		8 " 7 "
Mile run	4 m. 59 "	4 " 58 1-2 "
120-yard hurdle	17 3-4 "	18 1-2 "
Running high jump	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
Broad jump	18 ft.	8 " 3 1-2 "
16-lb. shot		30 " 11 1-2 "

an athletic rival until the London Athletic Club sprung into existence a year or so later. For a time the L.A.C. held its meetings on the grounds of the A.A.C. at Lillie Bridge, and the two worked harmoniously in the good cause. But the London Club had the more vigorous constitution, and its members were so active in its interest it soon became evident the older club was losing position, and in '76 there came a rupture between the two, which led to the London Athletic Club securing solely its present ground at Stamford Bridge. Although fast reaching a moribund condition, the A.A.C. was not inclined to surrender its prestige without a struggle, so that year two championships were held, and a division of interests created that ended finally in the collapse of the A.A.C.

Added to this conflict was a growing feeling among non-university athletes that the date of the championships should be changed from the spring to summer, on the ground that the Oxford and Cambridge men, by reason of having their own athletic sports in February and March, had a considerable advantage in the championships over the club athletes, who were not able to get "fit" so early in the year. All of which led to a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs generally, until a conference between the older heads of the universities and the more prominent club officials resulted in 1880 in the formation of the present Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, and the selection of summer for the English championships.

Although Oxford and Cambridge have no distinct ruling

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC MEETING, MARCH, '94.

Event.	Performance.	Winner.	University.
100 yards	10 3-5 sec.	Jordan	Oxford.
440 "	50 4-5 "	Jordan	"
Mile run	4 m. 19 4-5 "	Lutyens	Cambridge.
3-mile "	15 " 7 "	Horan	"
120-yard hurdle	16 3-5 "	Oakley	Oxford.
Broad jump	22 ft. 4 in.	Fry	"
High "	5 " 10 1-4 "	Swanwick	"
16-lb. hammer	101 " 4 1-2 "	Robertson	"
16-lb. shot	37 " 6 "	Rivers	"

Hammer thrown from 30-foot circle; shot, from 10-foot square.

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TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE OXFORD CREW

From a Photograph by W. H. Grove.

body of their own, such as our Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, and hold their meetings under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association from the day of the organization of the A.A.A., university and non-university athletes have been drifting farther and farther apart, until to-day the meetings of the London Athletic Club are about the only outside ones in which Oxford and Cambridge entries are made. Of course the chief reason for this state of affairs is explained by the unwholesome condition of English athletics, which, since the popular wave set in, have been absorbed by the lower elements of society, and tainted from one end of the kingdom to the other by professionalism of the worst sort, because disguised.

AMERICAN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEETING, MAY, '93.

Event.	Winner.	Performance.	College.
100 yards............	Richards	10 1-5 sec.	Yale.
220 “	Richards	22 3-5 “	“
440 “	Sayer	50 4-5 “	Harvard.
880 “	Corbin	1 m. 59 4-5 “	“
Mile run............	Jarvis..............	4 “ 34 3-5 “	Wesleyan.
Mile walk............	Ottley	6 “ 57 2-5 “	Princeton.
120-yd hurdles	Van Ingen....	16 2-5 “	Yale.
220-yd. “	Van Ingen..............	25 4-5 “	“
2-mile bicycle........	Glenny...	7 “ 4 3-5 “	“
Running high jump.	Fearing	5 ft. 10 3-4 in	Harvard.
“ broad “ .	Bloss..............	22 “ 9 5-8 “	“
Pole vault...........	Buckholtz	10 “ 10 1-8 “	Univ. of Penn.
16 lb. hammer......	Hickok..............	110 “ 4 1-2 “	Yale.
16-lb shot..........	Hickok..............	41 “ 1-8 “	“

Hammer thrown without run; shot put from 7-foot circle.

COMPARATIVE TABLE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNIVERSITY RECORDS.

Event.	English.				American.			
	Record.	Name.	Year	Univ.	Record.	Name.	Year	Univ.
100 yards	.10 ..	Wharton .	1886	Darl'ton..	.10	Sherrill. Wendell Cary ...	1890 1881 1891	Yale. Harv. Prin.
440 “	.49 4-5..	Mon'yp'ny	1892	Cam.......	.47 3-4	Baker	1886	Harv.
880 “	1.54 2-5..	Cross	1888	Oxford ...	1.54 1-2	Dohm	1890	Prin.
Mile run.....	4.19 4-5..	Lutyens ..	1894	Cam.......	4.29 4-5	Wells	1889	Am.
3-mile “	14.44 3-5..	Horan ...	1893	Cam.......	15.41 4-5	Lane	1888	Yale.
120-yd. hurdle	.16	Joyce... Bulger..	1888 1892	Cam....... Dub Univ	.... .15 4-5	.... Williams.	 1891	... Yale.
2-mile bicycle	5.36 3-5..			Cam.......	5. 7 2-5	Elliott ...	1894	Harv.
High jump...	6f.2 1-2 in.	Brooks....	1876	Oxford ...	6 f 4 in	Page	1887	Penn.
Broad “ ...	23f.6 1-2 in.	* Fry	1893	Oxford ...	23f. 6 1-2in...	Reber	1891	W. Un.
16-lb. hammer	138 f. 3 in. 30-f. run.	Hales.....	1876	Cam	110 f 4 1-2 in No run.	Hickok...	1893	Yale.
16-lb. shot....	39 f. 1 in. 10-f. run.	Ware.....	1886	Oxford ...	41 f. 1-8 in.. 7-f run.	Hickok...	1893	Yale.

* See comment on English measuring.

Of general athletics, however, I will treat in a subsequent article.

Comparisons being always in order between our English cousins and ourselves, perhaps it will be interesting, before going into the systems that obtain at Oxford and Cambridge, to glance over our own university athletic history.

American inter-university athletics were given their first impetus through the sportsmanship of James Gordon Bennett, who in 1873 offered a $500 cup for a 2-mile race, to be run in July, after the inter-university boat-races, which were then rowed at Saratoga, and followed it up the next year by one cup each for a 100-yard run, 3-mile run, 120-yard hurdle-race, 1-mile run, and 7-mile walk. Yale held a meeting under the auspices of the "Navy Base and Foot Ball Clubs" in the autumns of '73 and '74, at which there were a hurdle-race, running high jump, standing broad jump, 100-yard dash, half-mile run, mile walk, hop, step, and jump, throwing baseball, and wrestling. Harvard in '74 held its first athletic meeting, at which the 100 yards was run on a grass course, and won in 13 seconds, and where August Belmont aroused great interest by the spike shoes he wore in one of the sprints, and George Walton Green shocked the natives by walking with bare legs and in knickerbockers. Yale in '75 formed an athletic association, and held a meeting in the autumn, at which the 16-pound shot was won at 32.5; 100 yards in 10½; mile walk, 8.13; high jump, 5.3; half-mile run, 2.10; 3-mile run, 19.27; 120-yard hurdle, .19¼; 440 yards, .57; mile run, 5.20; throwing baseball, 327 feet.

While the discussion of the formation of an inter-collegiate athletic association was rife in '75, a meeting was held at Saratoga, at which the 100 yards was won in 10¾ seconds, the mile in 4.44¼, the quarter in .55¼, and the half-mile in 2.06¾. It should be remembered that this was on a horse track, and also that the timing in those days was not nearly so accurate as it is to-day.

At the Oxford-Cambridge 1864 meeting there was a 200-yard hurdle-race and 2-mile steeple-chase, won in 26¾ seconds and 10.34 respectively. The following year the 2-mile run, putting the 16-pound shot, and throwing the cricket-ball were added, the last being replaced, however, at the third meeting by the 16-pound hammer, and thus the list stands to-day. The mile walk, half-mile run, and 200-yard dash are rarely on English university programmes. With us the '76 meeting (the birth-year of the Inter-collegiate Association) was the first of the shot, and the following year saw the first of the pole vault and hammer, with records of 7 ft. 4 in. and 75 ft. 10 in. One of the ludicrous sights of this meeting was a young man clad in green silk tights liberally spangled with gold fringe, who heroically whipped his legs throughout the walk, undoubtedly in emulation of Weston the pedestrian.

While it has been only in the last half-dozen years that our records have approached the English, yet since 1889 they have been raised steadily at almost every meeting, until they stand now at the very top in a majority of the events, as a glance at the tables makes patent. The greatest meeting our universities ever had was that of '91, when records were made in 10 out of 14 events on the programme, two of them being world's records.

The half-mile run, two-mile bicycle-race, and pole vault are also events not included in the Oxford-Cambridge sports, and only occasionally in any of the college games, though there is no lack of ability in the half-mile.

With so large a variety of athletic interests at the English universities it is surprising how many men become candidates for the track athletic teams of the different colleges. Every college at Oxford and Cambridge has its athletic team, and holds sports open only to its own undergraduates. As I have already intimated in an earlier article, there is very little preparation, as we understand it, among the track athletes for their university contests, and there is less to be seen at these purely college meetings, which show more of a good sportsmanlike feeling rather than of excellent form.

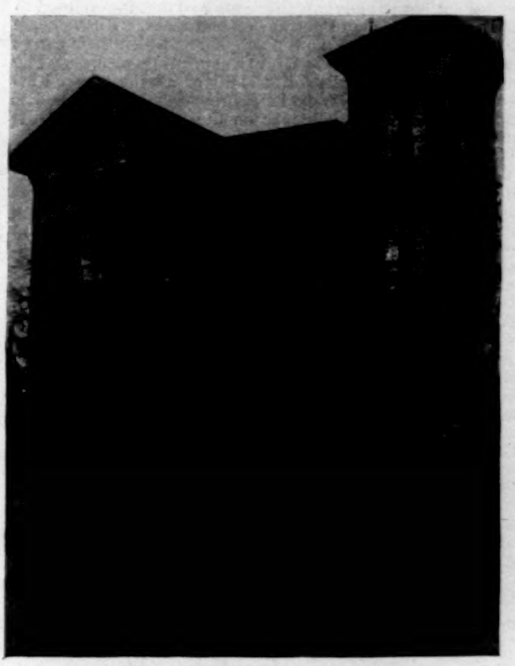
The general athletic schedule of the universities is arranged for the year by the "Blues" committee, which includes a blue in every branch of sport, and they decide on dates for rowing, cricket, football, and athletic contests.

The athletic year begins with the Freshmen's sports in November, after which candidates for college teams are chosen, and the slight training that they do is begun. Active work is in order shortly after Christmas, and college meetings are continued throughout January and February. By the last of February the colleges have pretty nearly all held their meetings, and interest then centres in the make-up of the 'varsity athletic team, the candidates for which are chosen at the university sports, held usually about the first week in March for that purpose. The first and second men are chosen, two only in each event being sent up to London for the Oxford-Cambridge contest, decided annually at Queen's on or about the day of the boat-race. The winners are called the first string, and receive a full "blue"; the second men form the second string, and receive a half "blue"—the difference being that the first may wear the blue cap and jacket, whereas the halves have only the blue trimming on their shirt and running breeches. This team is generally selected about three weeks before their contest, and once chosen settle down to more serious training, usually going to the sea for the final ten days of preparation.

I have told in this series of the manner of meeting the expenses of athletic teams, but I think I have neglected to say that the university athletic ground at both Oxford and Cambridge is open for training purposes only to those who have joined the University A. C. and paid their fee. The colleges are permitted to hold their games on the 'varsity grounds, and on that day only may athletes not members of the U. A. C. use the track. As a result a large proportion of the athletes do become members of the University Club.

The sportsmanlike spirit that I have already commented on is very much in evidence at these meetings. The afternoon is generally given the coloring of a social gathering, and made the more pleasurable by an excellent band of music—an idea that might well be adopted by our universities, which do not have music even at the inter-collegiate championships. The prizes are simplicity itself, being silver medals of precisely the same value for the first and second men—a plan long ago inaugurated, and one that has worked most advantageously in fostering the excellent feeling which greets you at every turn.

I have said that there is no trainer at the English universities, but Oxford has the advantage of retaining in residence, as a Don of Hertford College, one of its most famous old athletes, C. N. Jackson, who, as Honorable Treasurer of the Association and general adviser, gives the athletics of his *alma mater* a great deal of personal and valuable attention—a position which at Cambridge is filled by the Rev. E. H. Morgan, of Jesus College.

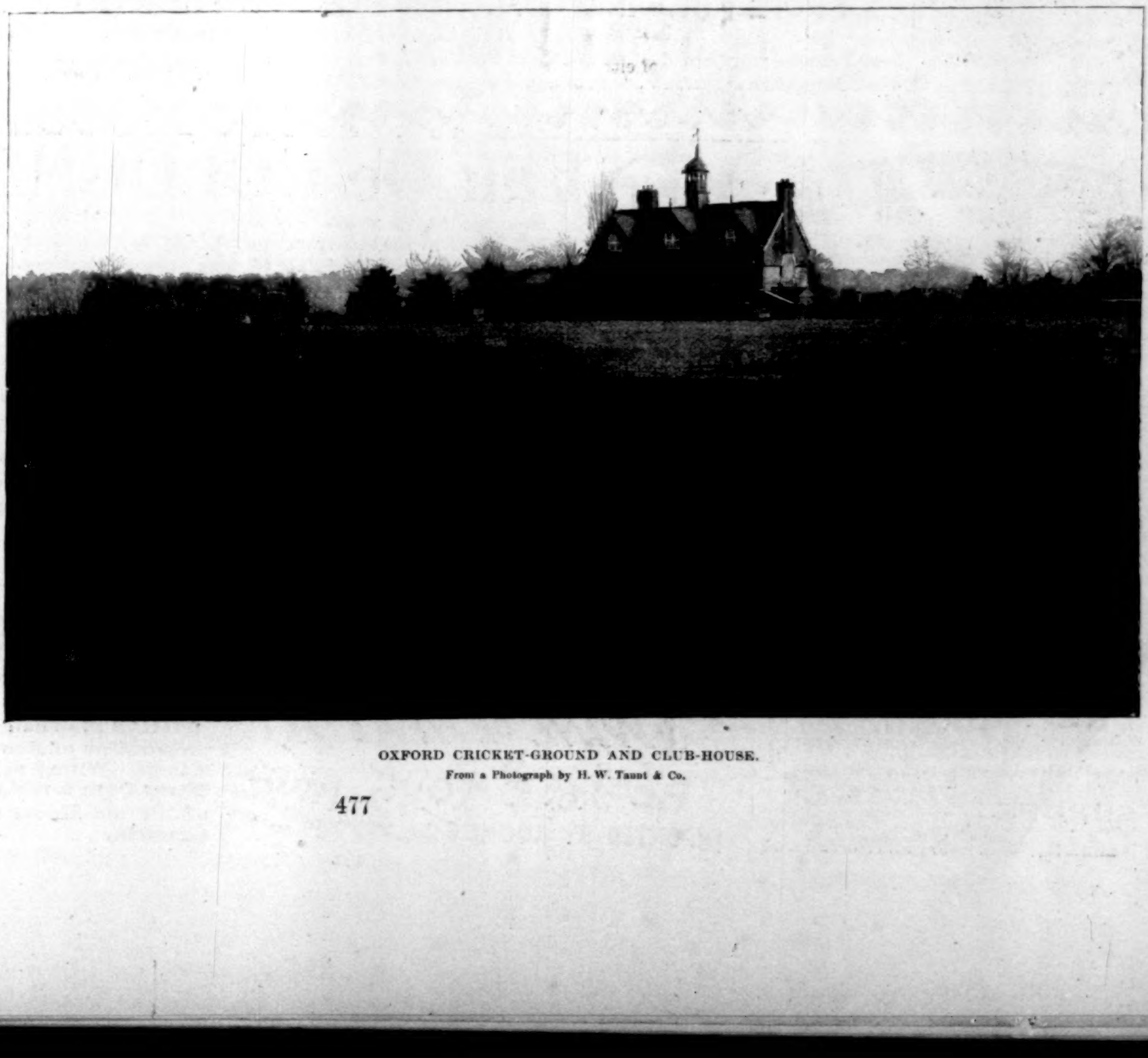


TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

From a Photograph by W. H. Grove.

Oxford owns an excellent athletic field, with a fully equipped club-house, dressing and reading rooms, etc., while Cambridge, in conjunction with the cricket club, rents a field, called Fenner's, with the privilege of its club-house. There is a movement now in Cambridge to raise money for the purchase of grounds. The tracks, cinders on clay at both, are about one-third of a mile, measured 12 inches (instead of 18, as with us) from the inner side of the path, and kept in very excellent condition by their groundsmen. Their curves are rather easy, though not raised for cycling, and there is a good 100-yard stretch, though Oxford has not a 220-yard straightaway, and, in fact, neither needs it, since that distance is not used for flat or hurdle racing.

The hurdling—and the hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in., are rather more primitive in appearance than ours—is done on the very best of English turf, which is the finest imaginable, and must be seen and walked on to be appreciated. The costumes of



OXFORD CRICKET-GROUND AND CLUB-HOUSE.

From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt & Co.

the athletes are worthy of our emulation, the shirts being invariably quarter-sleeved, which is a decided improvement on the rowing shirts seen at our college meetings. There should be a law passed by the American Inter-collegiate Association compelling athletes to wear shirts with sleeves, if not quarter, at least covering the armpit; it would make no difference whatever in the freedom of motion, and certainly be infinitely more decent.

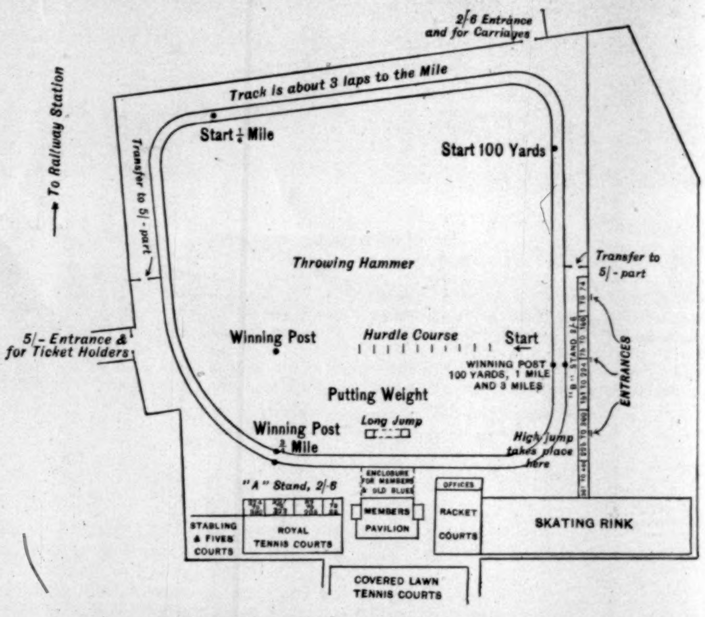
The form of the English university athletes, with the exception of in their distance running, does not average so good as ours. In the sprints, which are run in lanes, the men are much less steady on the mark, due, I think, largely to the starting, which is by no means so careful or so skilful as that to which we are accustomed in America. I was amused by the pistol of the Oxford starter, which is a muzzle-loading affair, rivalling the college buildings in antiquity, and when exploded sounded like a huge cannon fire-cracker. The men as a rule adopt the standing start. I think I observed only one who started from his hands and knees, and he did not get the advantage (steadiness) that is supposed to belong to that style of getting off the mark. I have come to the conclusion that the time of year at which their games are held has much to do with the sprinting records. The atmosphere was emphatically chilly at all the sports I attended, as it is invariably in February and March, and it must have a certain influence on the performances of the athletes.

The hurdling form is rather poorer. A few negotiate the sticks in excellent style, but the average top them very awkwardly, many taking their jumps straight on without regard apparently to their stride. The same criticism applies to the average high-jumping form, the measuring of which, but particularly of the broad jump, I consider faulty. Along the landing-bed sides of the broad jump are permanently fixed measuring-boards marked in feet and inches. The take-off is a piece of joist sunk flush with the earth, as with us; but instead of measuring, as do we, from the scratch-line (outer edge of joist) with a steel tape to the first break in the ground made by the jumper's last heel, they measure with a linen tape (I saw none of steel at either Oxford or Cambridge) to the *final* impression of the last heel, where a pole placed across the measuring-boards on the sides indicates the distance jumped. This method of measuring is neither accurate nor even fair to the contestants, as the nature of the earth in the landing-bed makes a difference of several inches in a performance, and the groundsman's spade in turning up and loosening the soil largely influences results, thus one man may have more favoring conditions than another in the same competition. Nor are my deductions speculative, since I found just such dissimilar conditions existing at the Oxford and at the Cambridge college and university sports. Moreover, I carefully noted on the afternoon of the Oxford University meeting the performance of Mr. Fry, whose jumps in three trials, as announced, varied from three to five inches greater than they would have been had the tape been stretched to the first break made by the last heel, and not to where it sank into the loose earth of the landing-bed. Given a yielding landing-bed, a rainy day, a strong sprinter without too much rise to his jump, and this measuring system, and there is no record beyond the limit of the Englishmen. Mr. Fry is credited on the English and American record tables as dividing the world's running broad-jump record of 23 ft. 6½ in. with the American Mr. C. S. Reber; and while the Oxford man is an exceptionally good all-round athlete, and a jumper for whom the world's record is a possibility, yet I certainly do not regard his alleged record as entitled to consideration, nor any other long-jumping performances of the Englishmen, until they have cast aside their present manner of measuring, and adopted the fair one in vogue in the United States.

My criticism of the methods that obtain in the high jump touches the length of pegs, which project from the upright fully four inches. What so long a peg means, moreover, was instanced in the performance of Swanwick, the Oxford winner at the Oxford-Cambridge games, March 17, '94, at Queen's Club, who hit the bar so violently in one of his trials, and the last one, by-the-way, that it bounced into the air and fell down on the pegs quite at their end. Had they been the length of our pegs (three inches), the bar would have fallen to the ground, and Mr. Swanwick would not have been credited with 5 ft. 10¼ in., though he made a record of 5 ft. 11 in. last year. I noticed, too, that the bar sagged in the centre, which, however, seemed a matter of indifference to the measurers.

There is nothing in the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain to cover these points I have criticised; in fact, the A. A. A. rulings, although verbose, are quite loosely put together. Regarding the high jump, nothing whatever is said about the pegs, and they might be a foot long for all the rules to the contrary; as to measuring the broad jump, it is set forth only that "all jumps shall be measured to the taking-off line from the edge to the heel mark nearest that line, along a line perpendicular to that line"—certainly more redundant than lucid.

The average hammer-throwing and shot-putting form is not very good, though I was told this year's performances fell below the usual standard. The hammer weighs the same as ours, sixteen pounds, including the 3 ft. 6 in. handle, which differs from the ones we use in being stiff; the head, too, is not of similar shape, but oval, looking very much like an enlarged pecan-nut. Instead of the seven-foot circle we have, the English university athlete has a thirty-foot circle, and the performers start from the edge farthest from the scratch, and after getting into their swing usually make three progressive turns before reaching the scratch and letting go the hammer; the event was won this



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year by 101 ft. 4½ in., though the best university record is 138 ft. 3 in., made in 1876. Outside the universities the hammer is thrown from a nine-foot circle.

The 16-pound shot is put from a ten-foot square, again an advantage over our seven-foot circle, and the seven-foot square that is customary at non-university games in Great Britain, and was won this year by a performance of 37 ft. 6 in., which is five inches behind the English university record.

This annual dual meeting of Oxford and Cambridge on the Queen's Club grounds is the greatest athletic event of England, and the one I had the pleasure of witnessing this year proved a record-breaker in the matter of attendance. I believe, as 12,000 spectators passed through the gates. It draws out a class of society equalled in quality at no other sporting event except the cricket match at Lords, and there are more top-hats to be seen, in proportion to the number of heads, than at any other one afternoon gathering in Great Britain. The small number of officials on the field at this meeting appealed to me strongly as a most sensible departure from the score or more that pose and weary spectators on American athletic fields. There were only nine at Queen's, including but one timer, which is the rule at all meetings, consequently they carried on the meeting promptly, and did not get in their own and everybody else's way. Another pleasing arrangement is the manner of announcing results of events. There is no announcer, but the winner's number and performance are put on two large blackboards, placed so as to be visible to all spectators, while his university color, over that of the second man's university, is floated from a flag-pole. Each event is scheduled on the programme for a certain hour, and is brought off on time, the clerk of the course being a groundsman with a large-sized bell, to the vigorous ringing of which the men respond promptly, or run the risk of losing their place.

With all our American progression there seem to be yet a few simple and effective customs in the mother-country we have not, up to date, improved upon.

The universities of Scotland just about absorb what little there is of athletics in that country, the wave that spread over England having spent its force at the Tweed. There are ample grounds in Edinburgh, most beautifully laid out and picturesquely situated, but notwithstanding the opportunities there are few athletic clubs of which one ever hears, although football clubs flourish abundantly, a statement that applies likewise to Glasgow and Aberdeen. The universities and schools of these cities hold their own games, but there are no dual meetings. The Scottish Association has labored to put more life into athletics among the better classes, but with little if any avail: the average Scotchman usually fills a place in the work-a-day world he cannot neglect, and when he does take an outing he picks up a rifle or his beloved golf-club. There is some pretty fair polo in Scotland, likewise a little hunting, but that is not at the universities.

There is more activity in athletics in Ireland, Trinity College, Dublin, having fine grounds, and being undoubtedly the best-known college, athletically speaking, outside Oxford and Cambridge. Queen's Colleges at Cork and Belfast hold games also, but, even so, as in Scotland, there are no inter-university meetings, and a representative is rarely seen away from home. There are a number of Irish clubs which do not attract the best element, and without the dual university meetings, as in England, athletics in Scotland and Ireland maintain but an indifferent existence.

And now, that I have come to the last of this university series, I want to dwell for a few lines on the influence athletics have had upon the English undergraduate in lessening dissipation and raising the average of scholarship, a side of this great question of sport in our universities at home and abroad that to me, at least, seems the most important.

I found athletics in the English as in American universities to have worked appreciably in raising the general tone of the colleges, singly and collectively, in giving a more wholesome aptitude for study, in strengthening the *morale* of the student body, and in better fitting men for not only their work at the university, but for the serious business of life when they had gone out into the world. Old graduates of both Oxford and Cambridge who have kept in touch with the *alma mater* have assured me that my investigations do not belie the facts, and that there is tangible evidence at every hand to prove the inestimable value of judicious participation in sport.

It is true, however, I did not find the results in the English universities so marked nor so general throughout the undergraduates as in the American institutions, and for two very good reasons: In the first place, it is an undoubted fact, as I have already written, that the average Englishman is naturally more athletically inclined than the average American, and that the former, being no stranger to athletic influences, would, therefore, be less susceptible to its workings, and the results not so noticeable as in the case of the latter; secondly, a class of men is to be found at Oxford and Cambridge that goes there merely for the experience of university life, and with no preconceived idea of subsequently using its lessons in any profession or business. These men may or may not remain throughout the course for a degree, and the system extant at both universities permits the existence of such a class. The Englishman passes an examination when he matriculates, of course, and another at the end of his first year, but he is not called upon for further examination in order to keep in standing until he goes up for his degree at the end of his course.

The average man, or, it may be said, practically every man who goes to an American university, has a definite purpose of utilizing the education acquired there in whatever business or profession he may have chosen for his life's work; and the average American does choose a life's work, even if he is blessed with an ample fortune.

In England nearly every man of gentle birth one meets seems to have at least a competency from some source; and as one can live as well over there on two thousand dollars a year as on six over here, one finds an astonishingly large class of young men of moderate incomes and large prospects with ample leisure to spend the one and await the other. To these the importance of study and its influence on their subsequent life decreases in proportion as prospects increase, and an education becomes a matter of culture, and not necessarily a matter of usefulness in their after-career. As a considerable percentage of this class is always to be found in residence at Oxford and Cambridge, it follows that the university average is lowered to just that extent.

Unless he goes in for honors, the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate may loaf through his entire course after the first year's examination, whereas the American university man must attend recitations to keep up his standing, and pass an examination every term of his course, or be dropped. I must conclude, after looking the field over carefully, that the American university man will average higher in scholarship than the Englishman.

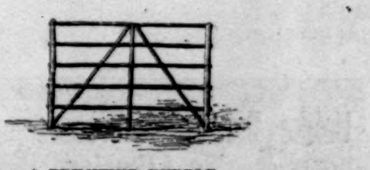
It may be a popular, but certainly fallacious, American conception that those of noble birth receive especial distinction at the English public schools and the universities. Rank takes no precedent in either social or sporting life at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, or Harrow; nor is a man put on the team or crew because his name happens to be prefixed by a "Lord" or a "Sir." He takes equal chances with the rest, and all that is expected of him, or any man, is to be a good "chap" and a gentleman; if he is not, all the blue blood in England won't float him into the clubs (there are no societies, as with us), or into the rooms of those who are good chaps when they are "sporting" their "oaks." Nor is the man with nothing to commend him but his athletic prowess made the lion he is at some of our universities. If he is a boor, all the athletic ability in Christendom will not prove an open sesame for him.

Before I put down my pen I must bring to the surface a fact that gave me considerable pleasure in the discovery.

It is rather a unique departure for England to show us the enlightened path, and yet, thanks to the joint promulgation of our Secretaries of War and Navy against football between West Point and Annapolis, the Old World is just at present holding the torch aloft for the groping New.

The honorable Secretaries, whose opinions on sport would lead to the conclusion that their personal experience had stopped short at croquet and mumble-the-peg, proclaim against inter-academy contests, despite the West Point Commandant's report that football has proved a stimulant to discipline by bringing about a kindlier feeling between the officers and cadets, and that its dangers are no greater than the prescribed horseback riding, and that athletics have been beneficial to scholarship and an aid to discipline.

The Royal Naval College at Greenwich, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, which correspond to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and the United States Military Academy at West Point, not only are encouraged by the government to foster athletics, but hold annual inter-football, athletic, and cricket contests as well. They have never found these sports interfered with the cadets' duties or affected their discipline, but, on the contrary, military and naval men of Great Britain are openly the stanchest advocates of such athletic training.



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